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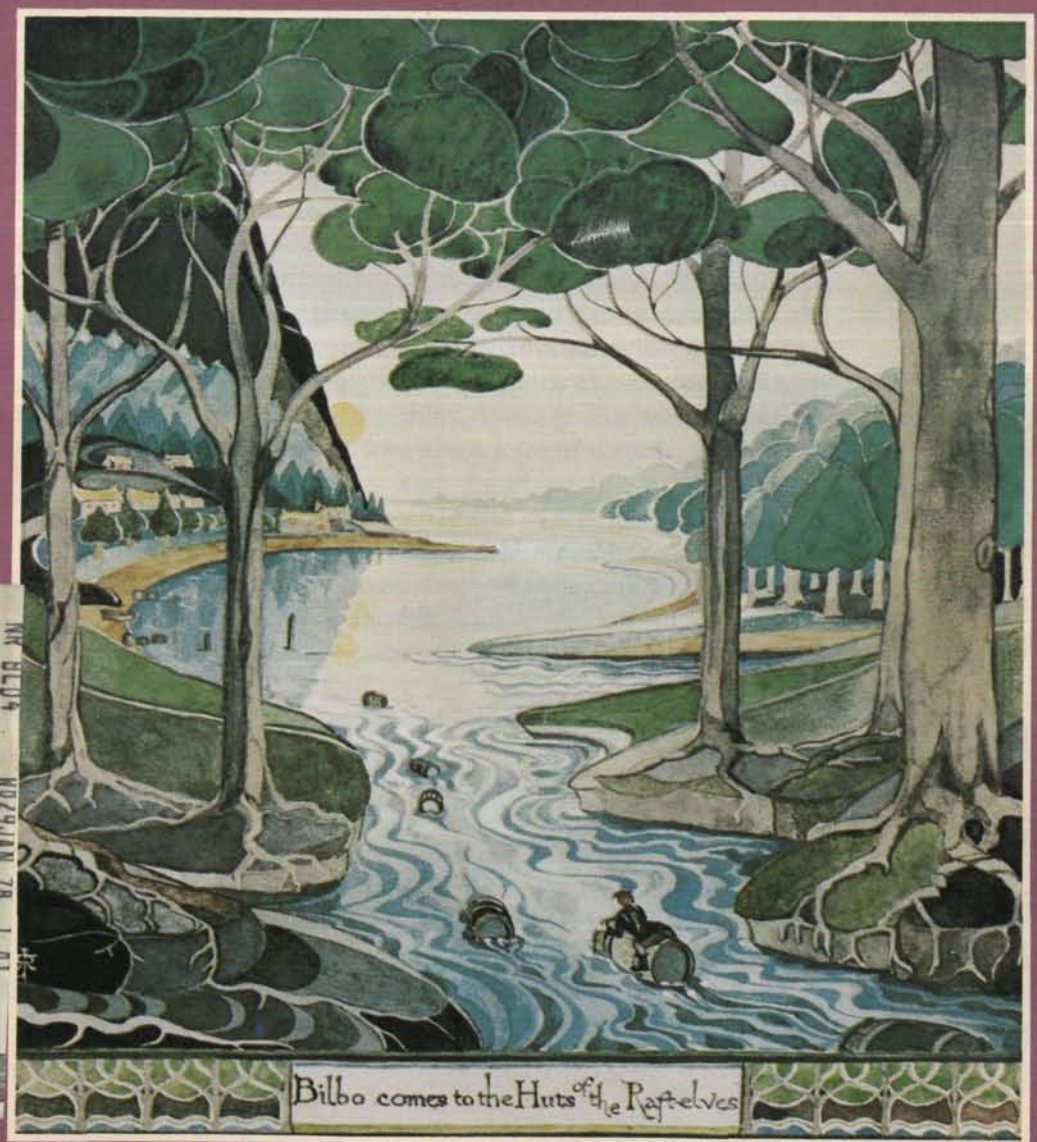

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TRB

from Washington ®
October 1, 1977

A Talk With a Banker

Gramper Lang lived in that story-and-a-half white and green farm house with the barn behind—the first one after you cross the Boston & Main tracks at South Lee depot, there by the water tank and freight shed and Plummer's one-room store. (Plummer's had a hateful dog that always fought our dog Jack.) Gramper Lang ("B. F. Lang" it said on the RFD mailbox, standing for Benjamin Franklin) was a farmer, and a bank president on the side. He was the kind of banker who dressed his poultry and drove over to Dover behind Zeno to sell it, and he took me along one time, barefooted, and didn't say a word the whole drive. I was scared of him. I found myself unexpectedly interviewing him the other day about the Bert Lance affair.

Small town bankers have a lot in common but with important differences, of course, including a 70-year time span. Gramper Lang was president of the Newmarket National Bank, New Hampshire. He raised crops out of soil that went down in most places about one inch to granite. He was thrifty and collected mortgages and kept them in a big black safe near the bedroom, whose combination was known only to him and Susie (my mother) among the eight children. Sometimes after supper by lamplight on the red gingham table cloth, he would take out fresh bank notes (they were cut bigger in those days) and sign them. That made them legal tender. You can see his picture, patriarchally bearded and benevolent, with the other presidents next time you are in the Newmarket bank. He wasn't one to take liberties with. He would have had a lot of interest in the Calhoun bank in Georgia.

"Gramper Lang," I said respectfully (even in retrospect I was a little afraid of him) "as bank president did you go in much for overdrafts?"

"For what?" he said. He seemed puzzled. "You mean people who can't meet debts and don't want their farms sold?"

"Well no, not exactly. People who had, ah, 'lines of credit'—? I mean bank officers who drew out money they didn't have. *Good risks*, you understand. They just use the money to aid the community and build up the town and create a generous 'personality image'?"

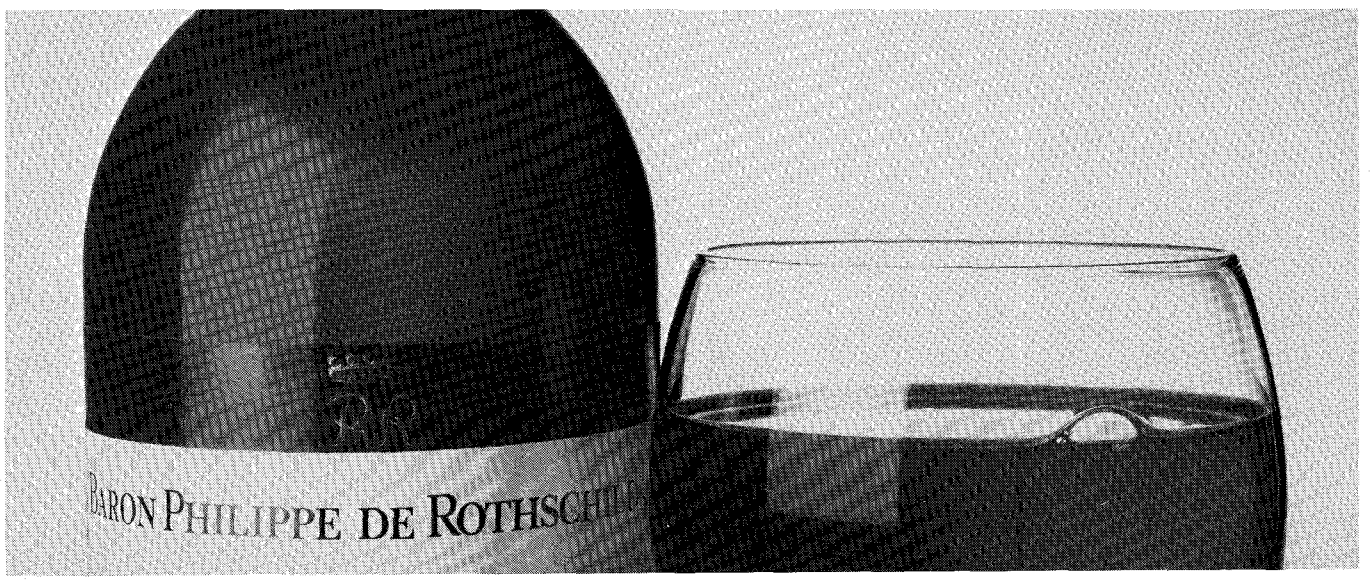
He stared. "And don't pay interest?" he demanded. Unexpectedly he turned on me. "You Susie's boy?" He said it rather sternly. "You haven't been getting into any scrapes, have you, son?" he asked, "taking out free loans?"

"No, no!" I expostulated, "It isn't me. It's a banker—a warm-hearted, affable fellow from Georgia. He was—is—head of a bank, and now he's got a responsible job in Washington, some say the most intimate adviser at the White House the President has."

"Never did like that Teddy!" said Gramper severely. "Him and his Canal."

I was getting nowhere. "It's a new President in the White House," I said. "He believes in balancing the budget. And his financial adviser says it's all right for him, the banker, to take

(continued on page 46)



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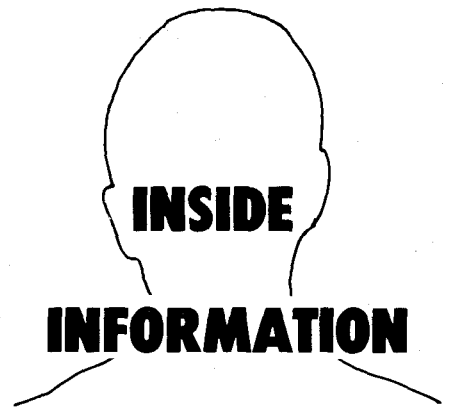

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 1, 1977

Lance, Finis

The first thing to be said about the Lance affair is that there seems to be so little worth saying about it now that Bert is gone or going and President Carter has had a good cry on national television. Some comment being required, however, here is what we have to offer.

There can be no doubt that the President's displayed grief was genuine and that he was sincere when he said he accepted Lance's resignation "with the greatest sense of regret and sorrow." No doubt, either, that the President believed that Lance in his three days of testimony before the Senate Committee on Governmental Affairs "was able to clear his name" and had "exonerated himself completely." Nor that the President meant it when he said of his choice of Lance last December to be director of the Office of Management and Budget: "I think he was qualified then. I think he's qualified now." Nor, finally, that Jimmy Carter spoke truly when he began his acceptance of the resignation by saying: "Bert Lance is my friend. I know him personally as well as if he was my own brother. I know him without any doubt in my mind or heart to be a good and honorable man."

Understandable and deserving of a certain sympathy though all this is, it raises questions about the President's judgment. It is not good that a President of the United States be so blinded by friendship, rapport, old acquaintance (really not so old in this instance; Carter and Lance have known each other only since 1966). Without wishing to kick a man when he's down, we are compelled to say that Bert Lance simply did not "clear his name" and exonerate himself as completely as the President said he did with his Senate testimony. True, nothing criminal was proved or ever has been proved. But a good deal that may be criminal was alleged by Senators and, in a few instances (all that scooting around in his banks' planes, for example) admitted by Lance. Some of it is under investigation at the Department of Justice, the Internal Revenue Service, the Securities and Exchange Commission. Some of it may be alleged before grand juries and some of it *may* be proven. By embracing Lance as warmly and totally as he did in accepting the resignation, Carter re-identified his integrity, or anyhow his capacity for judging integrity, with Lance's integrity. He also insured that the Bert Lance problem—and he acknowledged that the problem is going to persist—will continue to be a problem for the President and the presidency. That is a disservice that the President did not have to do to himself and the country. He could have been true to his friend without doing that.

How true to his friend would the President have been if Lance had not—so both of them said—volunteered the resignation? Would the President have demanded it? "That's hard to say," Carter said when a reporter asked that question. Carter has been putting the responsibility for quitting in Lance's hands since August 10 when he said during an ABC television interview: "I believe that if anything should be proven concerning Bert Lance that's either improper or illegal, that Bert would immediately take the initiative to either resign or step aside or offer to." In the same interview: "I have enough confidence in Bert Lance to know that if any improprieties do exist, that he would take the initiative to step aside." Lance said he didn't offer to resign because anything illegal or improper had been proved—far from it—but "because of the amount of controversy and the continuing nature of it." Also, the President said, because Lance was going broke and needed to repair his terrible financial situation and, what with one thing and another, couldn't do a full-time or effective job at OMB. For those and other reasons, the President said several times, Lance's decision to resign "was the right decision." If it was "the right decision," as indeed it was, the President's duty was to demand the resignation if it wasn't offered. Senator Robert C. Byrd, the Democratic majority leader, conferred with the President before Lance resigned and said after he did so that Carter and Lance had "recognized that, from a national standpoint, the personal problems of Mr. Lance were of secondary importance to the great issues facing our country."

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Plus ça change

To the editors:

Congratulations on "The Death of the Moderns (I)" (Aug. 6 & 13). It is a first-rate piece, and I am delighted that Wolf Von Eckardt is doing regular architecture articles for *The New Republic*.

On the other hand, the piece contains an error, at least by implication. In the 17th and 18th centuries, the architectural esthetic was just as restrictive as Eero Saarinen. In France particularly, in fact, furniture from grand rooms was always specially made for the rooms in question. This was actually necessary, for the more important furniture was architecturally arranged along the walls, and had to come in the sizes dictated by the room's openings, etc. In the period of Louis XV, when the rococo paneling had scrolling borders, the backs of the chairs and sofas were often made to follow the lines of the paneling. Furthermore, it was bad manners for anyone but princes and princesses of the blood to sit on these *sieges meublants* along the walls. *Sieges volants*, like ballroom chairs, were provided for this purpose. The system is described in Madame de Genlis' book on court etiquette. A drawing also survived in Stockholm of the salon of the Duc de Croy in Paris, with all the *sieges volants* huddled in the center of the room, and the *sieges meublants* in their architecturally suitable places. Nor were these rules the mere result of etiquette. The architectural esthetic was instead their source, as you can see from the story of Louis XIV rebuking Madame de Maintenon for pulling a chair into the middle of a room at Versailles. Reportedly, he said:

"Madame, vous abimez l'architecture!"

Joseph Alsop
Washington, DC

Thirst for blood

To the editors:

In the light of all the hubbub about Bert Lance, and the rumors of his "improprieties," I was considerably disappointed to read Richard Reeves and Barry M. Hager's flimsy attempt to extend the apparent sins of Lance to Carter in their piece on Carter's campaign funding practices ("The Good Old Boy Network," *TNR*, Sept. 10).

Since when have national political campaigns operated with fiscal integrity? For better or worse, the campaign debt is a part of political life (in the absence of Rockefeller-type private wealth).

Given the momentum of the Carter campaign in March, and the desperate state of financial affairs for all the candidates, deficit financing would seem a perfectly reasonable alternative. Carter was simply the beneficiary of *fortuna*—knowing bankers who would extend credit, while Udall for example, did not.

If it is anything, Reeves and Hager's article is a circuitous comment on the sorry state of campaign financing practices in general. Unfortunately Jody Powell's blusterous overreaction does little to provide perspective in the matter.

The authors' article does, however, add fuel to the observation of John Osborne, expressed on the following page, that some journalists are overly motivated by "the persisting, insatiable thirst for official blood."

Robert J. Spitzer
Ithaca, New York

Finance as usual

To the editors:

Bravo! for the Reeves-Hager article, "The Good Old Boy Network" in the Sept. 10 issue.

You have done a public service in giving the American people a glimpse into the financial sleight-of-hand that enabled the Carter campaign clique to fashion with equal artistry that pastiche of morality, compassion, born-again religion, and honest government that got their candidate elected.

Herbert Herritt
Encino, California

The Panama Canal

To the editors:

Publicists for the new treaties with Panama have argued the past two years, *ad hominem*. Those who don't buy the proposals outright, uncritically, and unseen with a warm, emotional revulsion of "imperialism" have their character, intelligence, or motives impugned. (See, for example, not only TRB, Sept. 10, but also TRB, Aug. 2, and "Anglo-Saxon Sentimentality," your Sept. 24 lead editorial).

TRB would have us believe that the Second World War flowed directly and inevitably from the defeat of the Versailles Treaty in the Senate in 1920. Would the major powers, or, more to the point, their leadership have reacted differently 10 years later to the Japanese aggression in Manchuria, 15 years later to the Italian aggression in Ethiopia . . . to Spain . . . to the *Anschluss* . . . or Munich—if only the Senators had gone Wilson's way? I would think world affairs were not all that simple, that pusillanimous leadership would have been stiffened if only the United States had been in the League. Certainly the ability of the UN to control war these past 30 years would argue not.

Two points reoccur in the publicists' writings: riots and guerrilla warfare will break out and we will be driven out; and, the canal is so vulnerable that tossing grenades will deny us its use.

It is a poor tribute to the dedication, determination, and endless years of preparation of successful guerrilla forces, such as the Viet Minh and the Algerian FLN, to suppose that guerrilla armies spring up like mushrooms at the stamp of a foot.

It says little for the good sense and the ability of the present government of Panama to suppose that it welcomes riots and disorders that threaten it more than the United States.

I spent three years recently as the general staff officer responsible for the defense of that canal. I took those responsibilities seriously, constantly studying how it could be wrecked or interrupted. I can assure you that the hardness inherent in the massive dams and locks, the redundancy on redundancy of supporting systems do not make it vulnerable to grenades nor to serious attack if the determination to ensure safe and tranquil passage is present in the defense. Of course, if that determination is lacking. . .

Like it or not the Constitution em-

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powers the President to make treaties with the advice and consent of the Senate. In an immense, democratic, pluralistic republic that's a sound principle. It involves both the executive and the legislature in what becomes the supreme law of the land.

I see many sides to the issue. The only criterion for judgment is the best interests of the United States. Determining what those are will be difficult, which is why they must be thrashed out. The debate must be thorough and lengthy. The treaties should not be slid down greased ways like a ship at launching.

President Wilson spoke of open covenants openly arrived at. That point, the first of his fourteen, should guide us now.

Col. William T. Cound, USA (Ret.)
Englewood, Colorado

No matter how you slice it

To the editors:

Bernard Lewis might as well have been writing of Latin America as of Lebanon ("Right and Left in Lebanon," *TNR*, Sept. 10) when he criticized Western writers for perceiving political conflict, particularly Third World political conflict, through a lens clouded by ethnocentric explanations of human motivation. The Latin American experience has likewise been subjected to scholarly analysis vitiated by knee-jerk obeisance to materialist interpretations of history. Traditional cultural affinities and deep-seated emotional attachments are consequently given short shrift in attempts to explain why Latins and other Third World peoples act as they do, and in the process the cause of truth is ill-served.

James D. Henderson
Grambling State University

Oklahoma is OK

To the editors:

The death by cancer of a beloved friend is naturally cause for deep disheartenment, and can understandably obscure vision and distort perception. But would Roger Morris in his report on "Dying in Oklahoma" (*TNR*, July 23) have been more reconciled to a death in Venice, California or on Old Cape Cod?

There is an intimation of almost mystic hysteria in his article, seeming to suggest he found the source of malignancy that killed his friend not in sarcoma but in the Oklahoma sun.

Well, loss creates its own personal atmospherics; and I will not intrude mean weather statistics here, and only in passing indicate the geographical actuality of eastern Oklahoma's wood shaded and stream rippled Kiomichi and Ouchita mountains.

The cement on racial bigotry,

(continued on page 46)

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That was closer than the President was willing to get to saying that "the right decision" was his decision, too. We hope it was.

How much has the country lost in losing Bert Lance at OMB and at the President's beck as his friend and counsellor? The short answer is, the country has lost less than the President has lost. Carter rightly noted that the many allegations against Lance have never included a charge of incompetence or wrongdoing in his capacity as budget director. The worst said of him in that respect has been that he left too much OMB business to subordinates and didn't "know the numbers"—the budget arithmetic—that budget directors are expected to know. It's clear that Carter didn't want a traditional budget director; he wanted a Lance with time to champion administration causes in the business community, in Congress and around the country, and just to be with the President when the President wanted him at hand. Carter said when he announced the resignation: "I don't think there's any way that I could find any one to replace Bert Lance that would be, in my judgment, as competent, as strong, as decent, and as close to me as a friend and adviser as he has been." But he also said he was confident that Lance's subordinates at OMB could run the place well enough, until a new director is found. As for losing Lance the advocate: "There are so many advocates that even if one were completely incapacitated other advocates could put forward the arguments for the administration positions." Some of the President's senior assistants rather casually discussed the possibility of bringing Lance into the White House as a staff Counsellor to the President. They agreed that if he was too damaged for OMB he would be too damaged for any other spot near the President, which amounted to holding that Bert Lance was valuable to Carter but not indispensable.

Steven Biko's Visible Death

In death, too, they denied our humanity.
From a journal found in Treblinka, 1945

There is no death as humiliating as to die a statistic. Millions of men and women died that way in Nazi concentration camps. Millions also in the gulags of communism. And to this very day, it is the way of death for many black people in South Africa.

Steven Biko's death in captivity is distinguished in at least that respect: it did not go unnoticed, in his own country or elsewhere in the world. His death pierced the veil of anonymity that tyranny uses to mask its crimes. Other South African blacks will disappear from their homes and prison cells silently in the night, or be cut down in a crowd. But the outrage generated by Biko's death and the anxieties visible in a government that usually is smug about its brutalities augur the inevitable collapse of that social and political grotesque known as apartheid. When Minister of Justice James Thomas Kruger joked in response to questions about Biko's death that "everyone has a democratic right to starve himself to death," he was laughing the high nervous laughter of defeat.

Auditing the FEC

Anyone who's interested in how Terry Sanford financed his 1976 presidential campaign can get a detailed analysis of his contributions and spending put out by the auditors at the Federal Elections Commission. Anyone who's interested in similar information about Jimmy Carter, or Gerald Ford for that matter, is out of luck because—20 months after candidates began filing information with the Commission and receiving federal money—the FEC has not yet completed these audits.

The Watergate election reforms had four principal components: contribution limits, federal matching funds, detailed public disclosures and complete post-election federal audits. One of the many obligations of the FEC is to audit the books of each presidential campaign that received matching funds in 1976. The Commission has audited and released reports on only four primary campaigns: those of Ellen McCormack, Terry Sanford, Lloyd Bentsen and Frank Church. As for the remaining reports—on the other primary contenders and the two national campaigns—an FEC spokesman says the field work and investigations are complete but release is being held up by the legal division or by the commissioners themselves. This delay, it seems to us, substantially frustrates the purposes of the law.

To be sure, all the reports filed by each campaign are available in serial for public scrutiny. So while the FEC plods through the audits, any interested citizen can flip through the small stack of pages filed by Milton Shapp or try to make some reasonable sense of the 5169 pages of campaign records filed on behalf of President Carter. Any citizen who does so is left to draw his or her own conclusions about improprieties such as improper bank loans, free airplane rides and over-spending by individual contributors. Revelations on these matters have dribbled out in the press, and it is no surprise that most of the serious independent inquiries to date have focused on the man who made it to the Oval Office, rather than on those who fell by the wayside.

Why the delay? The FEC says it is short of auditors. The State of California employs more for state

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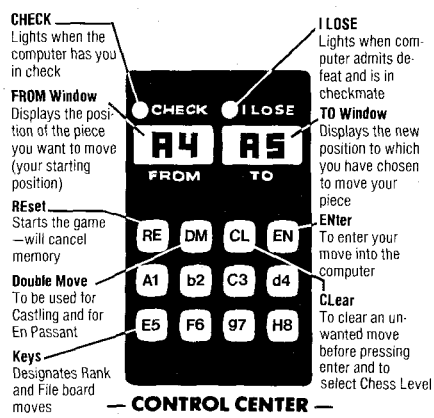

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elections than the FEC. Winners and losers are treated exactly alike under the law, so there's no legal obligation for the FEC to audit Carter and Ford before it gets around to Sanford, Church, Bentsen and McCormack. But surely it would make better sense for the Commission to audit the pre-convention reports of each major party's nominee in time for release before the general election. For public disclosure to be effective—or even meaningful—it must also be timely. It does President Carter no good at all to have questions about his campaign finances constantly cropping up in the press. And it does little good for the citizenry to learn a year or more after an election that one candidate or another may have committed serious improprieties. After the election is over, enforcement and penalties become problematic; the law—thank goodness—doesn't require us to rerun a national election because of a campaign impropriety.

This lengthy delay in releasing the audits should give pause to those who favor extending public funding to House and Senate campaigns. Riddle us this: If 15 campaigns can't be audited by 40 auditors in 20 months, how long will it take and how many Bob Cratchits and quill pens will be necessary to audit a thousand primary and general election campaigns for Congress?

The FEC deserves some looking at on other grounds as well. The guardian of the electoral process was supposed to be a *non*-partisan body. In the usual course of events that ideal has been interpreted—or bent—to mean *bi*partisan, so the six commissioners are equally divided between the two parties. From the outset, both the Republicans and Democrats have regarded the Commission as a normal extension of the patronage system. Each of the original appointees has a long established partisan background. Four are former members of Congress; one headed a state Republican auxiliary organization; one is a former counsel to the AFL-CIO. So it comes as no surprise to find that most of the Commission's major decisions have been split along party lines. Whenever labor union political activity is involved, for example, the three Republicans nearly always vote together. Late in last year's campaign, former Senator Eugene McCarthy asked the Commission to certify his independent campaign committee as a political party. A favorable ruling would have made it easier for McCarthy to raise money, and might even have qualified him for public funds. By then, however, McCarthy was widely perceived to be siphoning votes in key states from Jimmy Carter. So on a straight party-line vote of three to three, McCarthy failed to get the majority he needed for a ruling in his favor. All the Democrats voted to overrule an FEC staff report supporting McCarthy's position.

These votes and many like them have given the Commission the unmistakable appearance of a partisan body. That appearance is reinforced by a current controversy over the appointment of two new commissioners. The Democratic seat that will shortly become vacant is now held by former Michigan congressman Neil Staebler. Staebler would like President Carter to favor him with reappointment, but he broke ranks once early on and that mistake has done him no good. In one of the FEC's earliest and most important decisions, Staebler saw merit in the notion that corporations should have the same right that labor unions enjoy to organize political action committees for fundraising. So Staebler joined the three Republican members in support of that view. This offended AFL-CIO higher-ups who hoped the FEC would perpetuate their well-established advantage. It also irked Democratic pols who view regulatory commission appointments as patronage plums, wherein a quid pro quo in services rendered is the normal way of doing business.

No political faction of either party should hold veto power over presidential appointments to the FEC. If Staebler is not reappointed, and the odds right now are that he won't be, the message will get through very clearly to the rest of the commissioners.

As an efficient and unbiased guardian of the electoral process, the Federal Elections Commission is off to a shaky start.

Robert Lowell, 1917-1977

The sheer size of what he did in verse exceeded the life work of any of his coevals, and I do not mean in bulk alone—also in scope and grasp and largeness of mind. Randall Jarrell instructed him, John Berryman rivaled him. Each was a masterly and inspired poet, but neither had quite his range over politics in the grand sense. Both were his friends, and of both he wrote with subtle affection and penetration. The quality of his critical writing is not often remarked, but it should be. No one has equalled in comprehension, precision and sympathy his piece on Berryman's *Dream Songs*. And this critical ability showed up very early. When Jarrell was editing the literary section of *The Nation* in 1946-47 he got Lowell to review Wallace Stevens's latest, *Transport to Summer*. In a review full of delicate and just admiration, Lowell found all the same that there was something that Stevens "too blandly appropriated"—a phrase that has rung ever since like a tuning fork in the lower

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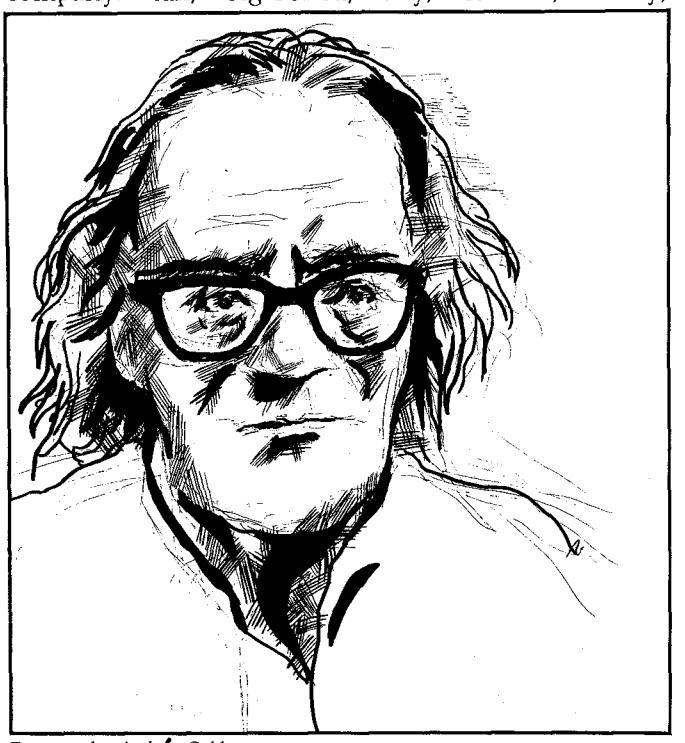
register of my own pleasure in Stevens.

Jarrell first described Lowell to me that winter as living "a hermit's life," alone in New York after his first marriage had come to an end. I met him in Jarrell's company: tall, big-boned, shy, earnest, funny,



Drawing by András Goldinger

bareheaded in all weathers; a Catholic, as I was—in both cases, to Randall, a matter for respectful but suspicious attention. I learned that the nickname "Cal" had been given Lowell by carefree schoolboys at St. Mark's—short for Caligula, the mad emperor, a circumstance at which the heart later had to sink a little. But not yet; a year passed, *Lord Weary's Castle* by Robert Lowell won Jarrell's stunning review in *The Nation* and then the Pulitzer Prize, and Cal became Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress.

That job in Washington might be seen as marking roughly the stage at which his historical imagination—unparalleled among the poets of his time—moved decisively out from New England to the wider 20th century setting that he worked in from then on. When I visited him he talked of Pound, whom he had been seeing at St. Elizabeth's, and showed me his new poem, "Falling Asleep over the Aeneid," a poem that reanimated, plumed and clopping, the barbaric Ausonian cavalry. He could hold the world of archaic Rome and the world of contemporary Washington together in his mind.

At a critical symposium that he and I attended at Johns Hopkins that year, a great scholar and critic speaking at large on literary topics deprecated, in Lowell's opinion too rapidly, the work of Matthew Arnold. Cal towered up in pain from his place in the audience and asserted with diffidence but authority that Arnold had been a great poet, an estimate that astonishingly became the subject of the lead editorial in the next day's *Baltimore Sun*. It was the kind of stir that Cal had been born to make.

That large conscience and mind and presence indeed became, particularly for a generation that came of age in the 1960s, a dignifying focus for independence, not only in poetry and personal life but in the hard communal choices of civil obedience or disobedience, coldheartedness or mercy, war or the refusal of war. For 30 years Lowell continued from time to time to make a stir.

The trouble was that sometimes the stir accompanied or worsened into a crisis. After his first grave manic attack in 1949, after his first hospitalization, all concerned grew wary on his behalf, as indeed he did himself, of excitements religious, political, or poetic. He no longer could be a Catholic because, as he told me, it set him on fire. He had to govern his greatness with his illness in mind. *Life Studies* were an early and extreme result of this kind of discipline and scaling down—poems obviously related to the studies he had been constrained to make of his own experience. For young writers here and abroad they showed a new way of making poetry, though few of the many who followed it had his sobriety and force, his ear for pitch, his economy.

Later he became, in Frost's phrase, "easy in his harness," and a splendid and more expansive new period began, I should say at about the time of his poem, "For the Union Dead." At least I remember thinking and writing to him that he had made a breakthrough with that beautifully piercing meditation. Further ranges opened up in his translations, of which I though the Baudelaire magnificent and the best, and in his plays. His fame increased. He became a public figure. There is no short or easy way to describe the power and diversity of his work. One feels that illness enters into a part and that this is not the best part. Some things bore me or leave me cold, for example in the unrhymed 14-line poems, reminding me of his own unsparing line about himself in "Near the Ocean"—"fierce, fireless mind, running downhill . . . . " Unsparing, but certainly only momentarily true. Inspired poetry kept coming to him in the last years, inventions constantly extended by mastery of English and daring of sensibility. Finally, the sweep and momentum of the whole Lowell creation are irresistible.

Cal had an important part in my life. I always felt a serious happiness in his company, exhilaration in his teasing humor, his fantasy which could both enliven and distort. There was a tinge of the South in his voice, possibly acquired with other good things during his Kenyon College years under the great and gentle John Crowe Ransom. When he arrived to teach at Harvard last February we had a long dinner in the Faculty Club, talking over our lives and friends—by this time a complicated tale. Then we went into the lounge, but he had to go back to the dinner table for his briefcase. "I keep things in the briefcase not to lose them, and then

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lose the briefcase," he said. The things in it were new poems that he wanted to show me, the poems now published in *Day by Day*. A month later, at Frank Bidart's, there was another long and happy evening on his birthday. Elizabeth Bishop brought him a funny quatrain and they amused each other with fictitious accounts of what their common dentist said about the dental plight of each. I wish I could look ahead to another such birthday party.

Robert Fitzgerald

White House Watch

Remaking Foreign Policy

In interviews at the White House with visiting editors and broadcasters and occasional discussions with other groups by long-distance telephone, President Carter likes to open with a summary of the big projects, programs, issues that occupy him and then take questions for 30 minutes or so. The effect is to convey an impression of a President busy from morning to night with matters ranging from strategic arms negotiations (stalled but not really failing, he says) to his energy legislation (in trouble in the Senate, he says, partly because "the political pressures are enormous from the oil companies and others"). He ended a typical dissertation on September 16 with a reference to the government reorganization that he promised to undertake if he were elected and that Congress authorized him to accomplish pretty much as he wishes, subject to veto of his proposals by either the House or the Senate. "The reorganization effort is on schedule," he said, "and I think by the end of the three-year period that has been given me by the Congress, we will complete it to the satisfaction of the people of our country."

Some reorganization may be done by executive orders without congressional review. In early August the President announced such a reorganization of the federal intelligence community, vesting overall budgetary and policy powers in his Director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, while leaving operational control of the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Reconnaissance Office (which operates surveillance satellites) and other military intelligence outfits with Secretary of Defense Harold Brown. It was assumed in August that an executive order spelling out the changes would be completed and published within a week or two after the announcement. But framing the order proved to be far more difficult than the President and others concerned had expected. Beyond the basic division of powers between Turner and Brown, important details still had to be negotiated between CIA, the defense intelligence agencies, the Department of Defense itself, and intelligence oversight officials in the Office of Management and Budget. The same details had to be cleared at each step with staffs and members of the Senate and House intelligence oversight committees and reviewed by the National Security Council's Special Coordination Committee and its chairman, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Finally, and probably not before early October, the whole package would have to go back to the President for a last look at something that he had supposed he was done with in early August. And then must come the legislation, some proposed by the President and some by the Senate and House intelligence committees, that in the end may either expand, modify or dump the changes preferred and ordered by Carter.

Perhaps the most important and interesting of several "organization studies" to be instituted in preparation for actual reorganization covers the whole area of national security and foreign policy, including the National Security Council. These studies are among the President's primary concerns and, because that is so, are among the major responsibilities of the troubled Office of Management and Budget. The associate OMB director in charge of the studies is Peter Szanton, who directed the so-called Murphy Commission's recent review of the foreign policy process and is co-author with Harvard Professor Graham Allison of *Remaking Foreign Policy* (Basic Books, 1976). That book presents a measured, scholarly and devastating critique of the national security-foreign policy process as it's worked in situations varying from the Vietnam war to attempts to broaden the nuclear options available to Presidents. The sum of its message is that Presidents all too often are uninformed or misinformed in the preliminary phases of policy-making; that, all too often, their intentions and decisions are poorly communicated to the operative departments and agencies; and finally that, also too often for comfort, Presidents' intended policies are obstructed, distorted, frustrated by the bureaucracies that are supposed to implement them. The basic thesis is that "organization matters" and [illegible] policy system set up by the National Security Act of 1947, with the NSC at its peak and center, was good enough for its time but is now outmoded and inadequate. One of the remedies proposed by Szanton and Allison is the abolition of both the NSC and the concomitant domestic White House policy staff and their consolidation in a single presidential policy instrument. That idea was explored and rejected by the first of the Carter organization study groups, the one that produced his pending (and somewhat over-touted) reorganization of

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John Osborne's WHITE HOUSE WATCH: "essential for understanding the short, happy Presidency of Gerald Ford and the election of 1976."*

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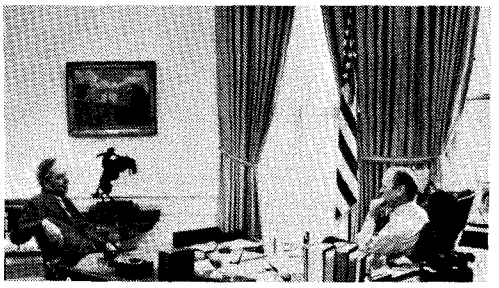

John Osborne interviewing President Ford in the Oval Office (*White House photo*).

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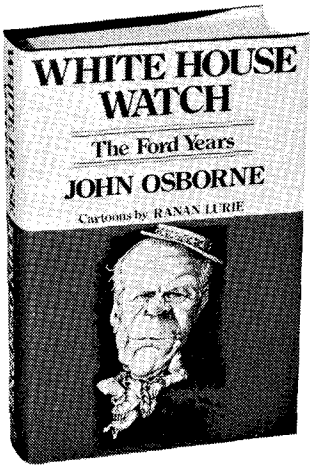

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the White House Office and the encompassing Executive Office of the President. It will undoubtedly be studied anew by the OMB's national security team. Szanton insists, however, that his and Allison's *Remaking Foreign Policy* is not intended to serve and should not be read as the study's guiding bible. With no indication of uneasiness, Brzezinski gave his general approval last July to the new study, including its appraisal of NSC's structure and processes.

The national security study is to be conducted in two parts, one dealing with the Department of Defense and its policy processes and the other with NSC, the State department, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and to some extent other departments (Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce among them) which have some foreign policy functions and impacts. How to handle the Defense Department study was a subject of fierce contention between Secretary of Defense Brown and the OMB supervisors. The President had ruled in principle that organization studies solely concerning a particular department or agency should be conducted internally by that department or agency. Brown argued that the proposed study of DOD's processes of "resource allocation" (that is, who gets the billions), command and control, and the department's top civilian and military structures was an internal exercise and should be left to him and his subordinates. The OMB planners argued, and the President tentatively agreed, that a solely internal review of such sensitive and critical defense processes could not be expected to bring about significant changes and that some "presidential participation" in the form of OMB oversight was essential. The President put his conclusion, in effect overruling Brown, in a memorandum that on September 20 was still on his desk, unsigned and unissued, but was being circulated to a few staff members on the assumption that it would stick.

Under Szanton, the official chosen to direct the entire set of national security and foreign policy studies was A. D. Frazier, a former Atlanta banker who was brought into OMB by Bert Lance. Frazier directed the study that led to the White House-Executive Office reorganization and, despite his previous lack of government experience, was thought by the President and many others involved to have done an excellent job. He had just been designated to head up the national security-foreign policy studies and hadn't had time to get himself briefed on them when, on August 26, he took leave without pay from OMB and went to work for Lance, at Lance's personal expense, assembling information and arguments for Lance's Senate committee testimony on September 15, 16 and 17. Frazier vanished from Washington's sight and spent his time variously in Atlanta, getting home-town evidence, and in the law offices of Lance's attorney for the hearings, former Truman assistant and Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford. Frazier said on September 19th that he expected to stay at OMB and take on the new studies within a few days. He was confident then that Lance would be staying, too. On the 22nd, after Lance quit, he was told that OMB still wanted him. He wasn't at all sure he wanted any part of OMB or Washington.

John Osborne

The *Times* endorsement means a lot—but not quite enough this time.

Punch's Near Miss

"The city is fortunate," editorialized *The New York Times* the day following the first mayoralty primary, "that . . . the Democratic voters have narrowed their party's contest to their most impressive and promising contenders, Mario Cuomo and Edward Koch." It was a close call. In a field of seven and with 40 percent needed to avoid a run-off, the top four candidates—Koch, Cuomo, incumbent Mayor Abraham Beame and Bella Abzug—were all within a percentage point of one another. Koch, a five-term congressman, had the editorial endorsement of two of the city's three daily newspapers: the *Daily News*, which boasts the nation's largest circulation, two million; and the *New York Post*, purchased last year by Australian newspaper baron Rupert Murdoch. Cuomo, New York's Secretary of State, who was prompted into the race by Gov. Hugh Carey, was blessed by the *Times*.

Among those who draw pay for their ability to assess such things, there was strong sentiment that the newspaper endorsements had a substantial impact on the outcome, and some pretty good evidence to back up that judgment. "This is the most sophisticated electorate in the country," said a pollster who ran several surveys on likely voters. "Among those who vote in the average primary, half will be college graduates." Terry O'Connell, who managed Bella Abzug's campaign and watched his candidate's early lead evaporate said: "New York has the highest newspaper readership rate in the country—28 percent read one or more of the three dailies—and that correlates very highly with prime voters." Also, the judgment is unanimous that editorial endorsements are vastly more important in primaries than in general elections.

From the editorial boardrooms, the post-election assessments were more modest. "The argument that the three major newspapers got their two candidates in would be very simple-minded," says Max Frankel, who heads the *Times* editorial page. "We were reflecting a

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desire for change, and the voters bought that argument. But I think they held it before we advanced it and would have no matter what we did." Frankel may be right. Nevertheless, the *Times* endorsed its candidate in late July for a September primary precisely because its man was trailing badly and obviously needed help. Several of the candidates who lunched with publisher Arthur ("Punch") Sulzberger and the *Times* editorial board argued that a *Times* endorsement would add stature and credibility, and help them considerably with fundraising. "I don't honestly know what the *Times* delivers," Frankel said, "but we became persuaded that if the purpose of an endorsement was to influence the outcome, we had to do it early."

By endorsing as early as it did, the *Times* took nearly everyone by surprise and drew a sharp editorial condemnation from the *Post*, which was also expected to back Cuomo. "They broke the gun," says Murdoch, who *Time* magazine highmindedly calls a sleazepaper publisher, "usually this sort of thing is done the night before the election." About three weeks later, the *Post* announced it was backing Koch for Mayor, and a few days later, the *Daily News* followed suit.

Apparently all three newspapers began from roughly the same perspective. Early polls indicated the likelihood of an Abzug-Beame runoff, a result that each considered unacceptable. All the papers had urged Mayor Beame not to seek reelection, and all regarded Bella as colorful but, as the *Daily News* put it, "ruinous." *New York Post* columnist and editorial page editor James Wechsler characterized the choice in these terms. "Beame was the one sure hopeless prospect for the city, and Bella couldn't govern. The problems of personality would overshadow everything." The rest of the field, including Herman Badillo (who lost the 1973 runoff to Beame) and Manhattan borough president Percy Sutton, was written off with courteous condolences. Their campaigns were viewed as hopeless, essentially beyond help.

For the electorate, cynicism and weariness over the city's problems and its politicians were important factors. For many voters, the decision boiled down to, "Which one of these characters do I want on my living room TV screen bearing bad tidings for the next four years?" On whatever grounds, everybody was opting for a fresh face.

Assessments by the press and the politicians as to what the endorsements meant as well as how and why each paper chose as it did add an interesting footnote to the outcome.

"Writing editorials for *The New York Times* is like peeing in your pants in a blue serge suit," says a prominent journalist who never wrote them. "You get a nice warm feeling, and no one notices." Those who manage campaigns and raise the money know better. Figuring out how to win the coveted endorsement is an essential element in every strategy. No one concedes the endorsement, even against the longest odds. When the *Times* picked Mario Cuomo, he had already had the backing of Carey and the endorsement of the Liberal Party, which assured him a spot on the November ballot. But he was in a fundraising slump. Traditionally, in a New York City election, every borough except Manhattan absorbs vastly more money than it produces, and the *Times* endorsement is stronger in Manhattan than anywhere else. Although the *Times*'s own polls showed Carey to have the highest negative ratings of any politician except Mayor Beame, an incumbent governor usually is a pretty fair fundraiser. "After the *Times* endorsed, Carey went to work and we went from about $200,000 to $1.1 million for the first primary," said City University professor Richard Wade, Cuomo's campaign chairman. Not all that money can be attributed to a newspaper endorsement, but in Wade's view, the *Times* obviously made the difference in Cuomo's making the run-off. "In an election that close," he adds, "if we had molested the lampposts with our posters in an environmentally sensitive neighborhood we might have dropped to fourth place."

Handicapping the preferences of the *Times* editorial board is a pastime that absorbs a lot of energy in campaigns, a fact that betrays little understanding of the way the endorsement process works under Sulzberger. To be sure, each candidate meets with the editorial board. But there democracy ends. Frankel characterizes the decision as "a search for consensus among the relatively few people who are relevant to the institutional role of this newspaper." But there is no vote; the decision is made by the publisher. It's an ongoing process, as Frankel describes it: "I talk to the other members of the board, he talks to his friends and associates in the building, and we keep each other appraised as to the state of our thinking. If Punch Sulzberger wants to ask his mother whom he should endorse, obviously he's going to do it." The board itself understands the process, Frankel attests. A year ago, when the *Times* endorsed Pat Moynihan over Bella Abzug in the Democratic primary for US Senate, one member wrote a stinging editorial dissent. It was regarded as a political act meant to undercut the endorsement, so Sulzberger held the article until after the election, then ran it on the paper's Op-ed page.

At the *Post*, where the endorsement of Koch was bannered in a front page editorial, the process was roughly the same. "Well, it's my decision, let's put it that way," says publisher Rupert Murdoch. "It's not a preemptory thing by one individual. For a time I was flirting with the idea of coming out for Herman Badillo, but I got talked out of that by people here in the office." During that flirtation, Murdoch accompanied Badillo on an entirely unpublicized trip to the south Bronx. It was, according to Badillo, the first time in 15 years of public life that a newspaper publisher had personally tested his claim that he represents the poor and Spanish populations of New York.

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Murdoch is not inclined to underestimate the importance of his decision: "In primary endorsements, the *Post* is probably the most important of the three newspapers. The *Times* can bring you money, but it doesn't have the circulation in the five boroughs that the *Post* has, nothing like it. And the *Daily News* just doesn't have that sort of political clout with the primary voters. The traditional primary voter in New York City is the sort of liberal Jewish voter, which is very much the old audience of the *Post*."

The *Post* endorsement obviously aided Ed Koch, who began his campaign with a two-percent recognition factor in the city. Cuomo had Carey and the Liberals, Beame had the regular Democratic organization, Abzug had most of the reform clubs. All three were outspending Koch. "We had to go on television," said campaign manager John LoCicero, "and we were just making it week by week. The *Post* was our breakthrough. Right away it helped us borrow—personal loans, notes, and the like."

In its rationale for picking Koch Murdoch acknowledges that the *Post*'s anticipated choice was Cuomo. In endorsing Koch instead, the *Post* listed an appropriate array of assets and credentials in his favor. These were not widely believed to have had much to do with Murdoch's decision, however, even among Koch supporters. People say Murdoch wanted to be a kingmaker, to make a mayor and to demonstrate the power of his newspaper. In other words, Mario Cuomo lost the *Post* the day he got the *Times*. Murdoch denies that the *Times* was a factor at all in his decision. James Wechsler, who was on vacation when the Koch endorsement came down, believes his publisher's decision is best understood as that of a man new to New York City who has invested heavily in it and wanted to find a mayor who might be able to salvage the place.

An eastside Manhattan liberal from a silk-stocking district is an unlikely candidate to win a mayoralty endorsement from the *Daily News*. But Koch ran a combative campaign and one that coincided with the paper's editorial policies on many issues. The *News* is a good-government newspaper with a curbside manner; for years it has rapped New York mayors for caving in to municipal unions with their lavish fringe and pension benefits and wasteful work rules. Koch ran on a policy of cracking down on the unions. He also was compatible with the *News*'s editorial policy in favor of capital punishment, and he campaigned shamelessly on this issue in the late weeks of the summer of the blackout, lootings and Son of Sam. Mario Cuomo, the candidate from Queens who expected the *News* endorsement, seemed flabby by comparison. The *Daily News* endorsement validated Ed Koch's candidacy outside of effete Manhattan.

It is fashionable to play down the electoral clout of the *News*, particularly among New Yorkers old enough to remember its three attempts to beat Roosevelt. But turnout in the first primary exceeded expectations by a couple hundred thousand votes, and the *News* readership is strong in the ethnic, blue collar, outer-borough neighborhoods that produced many of those extra votes. Also, since the *News* and *Post* normally support opposing candidates for political office, the combined endorsement gave Koch the useful appearance of having bridged an intangible something in a very troubled city.

There were differences in how far each of the newspapers appeared willing to go to make its endorsement stick. Appraised of speculation that the *Times*—or its publisher—had played a behind-the-scenes role in persuading Cuomo to enter the race, Max Frankel rejoined archly, "Our endorsements and pronouncements may make us look like an institution trying to assert itself, but we are fastidious about doing that journalistically, not maneuvering in the back room. We don't give our candidate money, advice or sneak him our poll results. We keep a journalistic arm's length."

The *Daily News*, whose first-ever primary endorsement came only a year ago (it backed Moynihan over Abzug for the Senate) fired volley after volley on behalf of Koch and his issues. But only on the editorial pages. "Unlike the *Post*," says one *News* editor, "we do not make use of our news columns.

Under its new publisher, the *New York Post* has come to reflect a decidedly different journalistic outlook. Though the front page editorial endorsement shocked some readers who were looking to be shocked, it really was nothing new. Former publisher Dorothy Schiff did the same thing on behalf of Nelson Rockefeller in 1958. Charges that news coverage and picture placement reflected Rupert Murdoch's editorial biases surfaced frequently during the campaign, and seemed entirely plausible. Moreover, Murdoch took an active personal role in his man's campaign. When Koch closeted himself with Representative Mario Biaggi in a futile last-minute effort to persuade the hero of conservative ethnics to endorse him and not Mario Cuomo, the meeting reportedly took place in Murdoch's office with Murdoch present. Assessing the outcome of the first primary, Murdoch considered the Biaggi endorsement an important turning point. "It produced a traceable three or four percent for Cuomo," he said. "Biaggi was more important to Cuomo than the *Times*. More important, perhaps, than we were to Koch."

Maybe Murdoch's way is the wave of the future. Success always inspires imitations and the man we will all soon call Mayor Koch whipped Cuomo easily. Picture if you can, Arthur O. Sulzberger, standing in the *Times* boardroom before a picture of his grandfather, the venerable Adolph Ochs, solemnly putting the arm on contributors.

Ken Bode

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A shoddy political document.

The Bakke Brief

After about a month of public wrangling over the policy of the Carter administration on "racial quotas" and "preferential admissions" to professional schools, Attorney General Griffin Bell finally delivered his friend-of-the-court brief on the *Bakke* case to the Supreme Court on September 19—about three weeks before the case is to be argued. An approved draft of the government brief was so widely circulated among government agencies that its contents inevitably leaked out and became subject to public debate. As an apparent result, this draft was repudiated and the government's position changed. This process was inept if accidental, and unprincipled if deliberate. The final product bears all the scars of its tortured creation. It is an intellectually dubious political statement, camouflaged in legal language but designed to achieve only one goal—to let the Carter administration appear to be supporting "affirmative action" without endorsing "quotas."

Politics—in the legitimate and honorable sense of the term—enters into most Justice Department positions on controversial constitutional questions being considered by the Supreme Court. Thirty years ago, the Truman administration filed the federal government's first friend-of-the-court brief in a private race discrimination case. The issue was whether neighborhood covenants in land deeds preventing sales of residential property to blacks could be enforced by court decree. Partly because President Truman was smarting from Republican victories in 1946 and hoped to win over black voters in important northern industrial states, his Attorney General, Tom Clark, directed that a brief be written supporting prospective black purchasers of racially restricted property. The Justice Department's eloquent document, which received the unusual endorsement of the Attorney General's own signature, had the desired effects. In a case that stands as a landmark to this day, the Court ruled that it is unconstitutional to enforce a neighborhood racial covenant. And Truman won in 1948.

Five years later the historic public school segregation cases arrived at the Court. The debate over whether or not to file friend-of-the-court briefs raised many questions of politics and policy. An early set of top Democratic Justice Department officials determined to stay out of the school cases. But when that group left, their successors in the last year of the Truman administration reversed field and submitted an important brief arguing that the Constitution forbids "separate but equal" public schools. When the Court requested another brief the following year, the new Eisenhower administration responded with substantially less enthusiasm than the Truman people had shown.

The *Bakke* case may result in the most important constitutional decision of this decade. Its impact may match that of the school segregation cases or of the reapportionment rulings that were litigated, with heavy participation by the Justice Department, in the 1960s. The Attorney General need not approach these questions of constitutional principle with the bloodless and disinterested objectivity of a law professor writing for a scholarly journal. But he and his President should not arrive at their legal position because they are pushed to it by a clamoring mob. The spectacle of the past few weeks—in which one possible position after another appears to have been leaked to the press in order to test how noisy a reaction each would generate—has made it look as if the constitutional issue will be resolved by an applause meter. Can the justices of the Supreme Court be expected to take seriously whatever doctrines of constitutional law the Attorney General is expounding if the same official was ready, just two weeks ago, to sign a brief urging the opposite result? Only if the Justices follow the election returns, as Mr. Dooley suggested, are they likely to be affected at all by the Justice Department's transparent appeal to one particular interest group. And they might even consider the possibility that the administration's stance in the *Bakke* case is a sop thrown to the black community to quiet its protests over the government's inability to deal with difficult economic problems such as rising black unemployment.

One important difference between the role of politics in the *Bakke* brief and the political influence felt in the racial covenant and school segregation cases is that in the past, the position the Court was being asked to take was not determined, by popular preference or political judgments. Whether or not the Justice Department will file an *amicus curiae* brief on a constitutional issue is quite a different question from which side the brief should support. If the public is to have confidence in the process of constitutional decision-making, it should not be led to believe that those who announce constitutional principles bend them to the slightest popular breeze.

How does an administration brief—which is the product of this political process—deal with the ultimate issue of "quotas" or "reverse discrimination"? In a substantial turnabout from the draft that leaked out just two weeks earlier, the administration now supports a professional school admissions system that reserves a set number of spaces in the entering class for minority races. A "rigid exclusionary quota" based on race, says the brief, is different from the "reasonable goals or targets" for minority admissions which the University of California *may* have been administering. The brief—signed, as in 1946, by the Attorney General himself—urges the Supreme Court to overturn the decision of California's highest court, which had directed the state medical school to admit Allan Bakke, the excluded, but "more qualified," white applicant.

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The California court, the government says, improperly invalidated an admissions program merely because it was "minority-sensitive" (a curious hyphenated adjective, apparently designed as a substitute for more emotional terms such as "reverse discrimination" and "racial preference").

The brief defines a "minority-sensitive" program as one that treats race as one of many criteria entering into the selection process. Most admissions committees weigh many nonacademic factors such as an applicant's age, military service, maybe even athletic or musical skill (as indicating breadth of interest and ability). In this kind of total appraisal, race may, in some circumstances, be another relevant criterion. The brief argues that blacks or chicanos may have "suffered because of discrimination, either in their personal lives or because it influenced their upbringing, career aspirations, or intellectual development." For this reason, it says, their objectives credentials may not be "quite as impressive as those of the most highly qualified white applicants."

If Bakke's case were one in which the professional school simply had asked each applicant to list his or her race and then used that factor as one of many in evaluating individual candidates during the admissions process, the Justice Department's brief would be relevant. (Even then, it would be subject to argument.) But the facts of the Bakke case go well beyond the submission of racial information that was absorbed into the total admissions process. Bakke's case involves a separate "special admissions program" for racial minorities, under which a certain number of places—whether called "goals," "targets" or "quotas"—were set aside entirely on the basis of race. This is a disqualification for these particular assigned places purely on racial lines; no white applicant may ever be given any of those seats.

The Justice Department gets to this obviously irksome point—which is the central fact in the *Bakke* case—at page 68 of its 74-page brief. It notes that there was no dispute between the parties to the case "that 16 places [of a total of 100] were reserved for special admittees." But, it says, maybe the "special admittees" were not specially admitted at all. Maybe they were compared by the regular admissions committee with the "regular applicants" and maybe they would have been admitted on the basis of such a comparison. Who, one wonders, should have proved that if it were true? Surely not Bakke. The defendant in the case—the medical school—would have offered such evidence if it were even remotely plausible. No such proof was presented. Is it at all likely that the 16 "special admittees" would have been in the "special admissions program" if they had qualified under the regular standards? Minorities were not limited to the special program. Case records show that of 500 students admitted over five years, 49 "minority persons" entered through the "regular applicants" process.

In short, the Justice Department has disingenuously manufactured an absurd hypothetical possibility in order to justify a request that the California court's decision be reversed. It has written a brief that otherwise pointedly avoids the case before the Court—all, apparently, in order to satisfy the demands of proponents of "affirmative action." And to this document the Attorney General has proudly affixed his signature.

Nathan Lewin

The Russians are arming both sides in the Horn of Africa.

Horning In

Mogadishu, Somalia

The flag of Somalia—five white stars on blue background—is intended to symbolize the five Somali inhabited territories scattered across the horn of Africa. When it was unfurled for the first time at a marvellously ecstatic midnight ceremony of independence on July 1, 1960, it seemed preposterously ambitious of this churchmouse-poor new nation to hitch its national destiny to the unification of all the Somalis. Independence was only a two-star occasion, made possible when British Somaliland and Italian Somalia agreed to merge into a single republic. That left three more stars to be collected in order to fulfill the great Somali dream of gathering together all the 'exiles' into a homeland of their own after centuries of nomadic existence.

At the time there were about 100,000 Somalis living in and around the strategic port of Djibouti, then still firmly a part of the French empire; maybe 400,000 nomads in Kenya's northeast frontier province; and several millions in the Ogaden province of Haile Selassie's Ethiopian empire. All of Somalia's neighbors—Ethiopia, Kenya and France—were joined together in resisting its claims, which made it seem wildly improbable that a little state with a population of fewer than four million, an annual budget at independence of perhaps $100 million and no army worth speaking of could do more than dream about a Greater Somalia.

But this was to underestimate the fervor of Somali nationalism and the versatile political skills of a nomadic people with strong trading instincts. The Somalis have learned how to survive in the hardest of conditions and, more importantly, perhaps, how to bargain. Besides they have the arrogance of camels and the maddening self-confidence of Israelis.

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Now, only 17 years later, the French have quit Djibouti and the new little Republic of Djibouti is so strongly oriented towards Somalia that the Somali flag virtually qualifies for a third star. And in the revolutionary upheaval of post-imperial Ethiopia, the West Somali Liberation Front has, for the time being at least, taken over most of the Ogaden. In fact, the Somali liberation movement has expanded its horizons to claim territories extending from a town called Nazareth, less than 100 kilometers from Addis Ababa, right down to the Kenya border in the south. This area includes three of Ethiopia's potentially richest provinces—Arussi, Sidamo and Bale. Only the fifth star, in northern Kenya, still remains distant.

Unfortunately just at the moment when the brightest star in the Somali firmament—the 'occupied lands in Ethiopia'—seemed to be firmly in hand, it began to slip away. The Somalis' entirely unforeseen troubles have been brought about by their own strongest ally, which previously had helped to make their dream seem possible: the Russians.

The Russian factor was introduced into the Horn of Africa by the Somalis themselves. Having failed in the 1960s to develop any useful allies in the West, Mogadishu turned in the 1970s to the East and to the Arabs. The Chinese contented themselves with building roads and assisting in solid agricultural projects, but the Soviet Union agreed to build up a modern Somali army in exchange for naval facilities in the miserably inadequate Red Sea port of Berbera.

At that time, the Russians had little choice to exercise in choosing any ally in the Horn since Haile Selassie still was powerfully on his throne in Addis Ababa, relying heavily on American and Israeli military support and expertise, and Kenya was (and still remains) dependent on Western military aid.

The Somalis, though almost entirely Muslim, are themselves not Arabs. Nevertheless, Somalia shrewdly chose to join the Arab League. The Arab interest in Somalia was based on a desire to help a Muslim state against the ancient 'Christian Kingdom' of Ethiopia where, under Haile Selassie's rule, Muslims were barely second class citizens. The Arabs also resented Ethiopia's close military and political ties with Israel.

Buttressed by Soviet and Arab support, the dynamic Somalis set about building up their military strength while shrewdly biding their time until the aged Ethiopian Emperor went into decline. They also used the time to build up the Somali liberation forces in Djibouti, the Ogaden and Bale, and to strengthen the Eritrean separatist struggle against Addis Ababa. They rightly calculated that the Emperor's heirs, whoever they turned out to be, would be unable to hold together the ramshackle old empire. The military regime that took power in Somalia in 1969 was inspired by its Russian alliance to adopt Marxist-Leninism as its policy. But it remained staunchly Muslim; and its overriding commitment continued to be the achievement of a Greater Somalia. The military leader, President Siad Barre, an old-time Italian colonial officer, provided the clannishly independent Somalis with what they had long needed: a Father of the Nation, both tough and tolerant.

Somalia's two sets of allies—the Communist nations and the Arabs—were not exactly compatible. But each could provide the Somalis what they badly needed: the Arabs supplied strong neighbor support, and the Soviet bloc supplied the military fiber.

But the Russians' national interests were quite different from the Somalis'. Moscow was less interested in the Somalis than in the Ethiopians. This interest goes back to the days of the early tsars like Alexander the Great, Catherine the Great and Nicholas I, and stems from the Russian ambition to acquire 'warm water' ports for the Red Fleet. It was left to the 'modern tsars' (in Chinese parlance) to make the first breakthrough in promoting this traditional interest. Their treaty with the Somalis in 1974 secured the Red Fleet's first naval facility south of Suez. Berbera, however, is not adequate for the grand Russian naval strategy developed by Admiral Gorshkov, the architect of the modern Red Fleet. It cannot compare with the Ethiopian ports of Massawa and Assab nor with Djibouti. Moreover, as a base of influence in Africa, the huge land mass of Ethiopia with its great untapped resources is obviously much more attractive than anything the Somalis could hope to offer. Besides, Moscow could never be quite sure that Somalia's link with the Arab League (especially with Saudi Arabia) might not in the end prove the stronger of their two foreign alliances.

The interests of Mogadishu and Moscow diverged at a critical time. The collapse of Haile Selassie's feudal empire gave the Somalis the opportunity to promote *their* national interest, but it also gave the Russians *their* chance to make themselves the patrons of a revolutionary regime in Addis Ababa.

Moscow's strategy in the Horn would have been facilitated if the new revolutionary regime in Addis Ababa—the Dergue—had not proved to be as patriotically committed as the old Emperor himself to refusing to yield an inch of ancient Ethiopian soil either to the Eritreans or to the Somalis. The Somalis continued to see Ethiopia as their arch-enemy: no friend of theirs, they told the Russians, could be a friend of the Dergue.

The Russians' answer to this dilemma was an imaginative new strategy of helping to consolidate a Marxist-Leninist revolution in Ethiopia to complement Somalia's. With two 'progressive revolutionary forces' as neighbors, the Russians convinced themselves, there could be no possible grounds for any conflict of interest between them. It would become a relatively simple matter to resolve the 'border conflicts' between Ethiopia and Somalia. Such a solution would establish a

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kind of *Pax Sovietica* over the Horn of Africa.

This apparently faultless theory had one serious snag: the hard rock of nationalism. When the Russians (supported by Fidel Castro) tried to sell their bold idea to Mogadishu, they were turned down flat. The Russians were told that arming the Ethiopians would be regarded by the Somalis as a hostile act. Nevertheless, Moscow chose to go ahead with its plan.

In incurring Somalia's hostility, the Russians may be making two calculations. They may suppose that the Somalis cannot afford to 'do a Sadat' on them since there is little likelihood that the NATO powers or the Chinese will be willing to supply military aid on the scale to which Mogadishu has become accustomed or they may figure that even if the Somalis find alternative backers, a close alliance with Ethiopia is more advantageous. Either way the Russians would win—as long as their massive military support is sufficient to enable the badly demoralized Addis Ababa military regime to survive and to halt the rapid disintegration of Ethiopia. The Somalis are by no means alone in thinking that even massive Soviet and Cuban military and technical aid will not be enough to rescue the Ethiopian military regime.

Meanwhile, though, the Russians so far have been proved right in their calculation that the Carter administration will stick to its promise of not becoming involved in third world entanglements simply to counteract Soviet moves. This Western reluctance to provide Somalia with alternative military dependence on Russia has come as a surprise to Mogadishu, as well as to the strong anti-Russian Arab nations—Saudi Arabia, Sudan and Egypt—which are now Somalia's principal allies.

Despite offers by Saudi Arabia to pay for Somalia's arms supplies, none of the Western powers has agreed to do more than consider selling 'defensive weapons' in small quantities. Nor have the Chinese shown the least interest in taking over the Russians' military role, however ardently they wish to see Moscow's strategy come to grief. As a result, even if the Somalis were willing to break their ties with Moscow, they have been left with no real alternative.

For the present, therefore, Somalis and the Russians need each other to pursue their separate and seemingly irreconcilable objective. Which of the partners in this *mesalliance* will win in the end? It's too early to tell. Meanwhile the Russians are supplying arms to both sides. For the present, more arms are going to the Ethiopians. And in unsubtle ways Moscow sends occasional warning signals to the Somali rulers to encourage restraint: the arms flow rate is slowed up, or the wrong spare parts are sent out.

The Somali leaders, on their part, make no effort to disguise their open hostility to the Russians' revised strategy, stopping short only at breaking diplomatic relations, which would cut off their supply of arms. Until recently the Soviet ambassador here, Georgi Samsonov, was openly referred to by the local diplomatic community as "the second most important man in Mogadishu". The other day when he rushed back from Moscow with a personal letter from Brezhnev, he was left waiting for five weeks to deliver it personally to President Barre. The formerly ubiquitous Russians military advisors and technicians (totalling about 1500) are no longer very visible, having been restricted to certain areas and denied their former free right of entry into government offices.

The Somali government continues to insist that none of its armed forces is engaged in the bitter fighting in the Ogaden and other border provinces of Ethiopia. They say this struggle is being carried on entirely by the Somali liberation movements in "enemy territory." It is obvious, though, that the liberation fighters could not possibly have taken on the Ethiopian army (especially now that it has been so heavily reinforced by the Russians and Cubans) without arms and logistical support from Somalia itself. The Russians are of course in a good position to know just how many of their weapons are being used by both sides in the war which, to date, has resulted in the death of tens of thousands, most of them peasant warriors.

Moscow is clearly determined to hang on in Somalia as well as in Ethiopia. Amabassador Samsonov has repeatedly told his diplomatic colleagues: "We are determined that the Ethiopian revolution will succeed *at all costs*—just as we have helped to make a success of the Somali revolution." The anti-Russian Arab diplomats here say they can't understand why the West is making it impossible for the Somalis to free themselves from their Russian dependency. They ask: Isn't this what the NATO powers have long wanted to achieve? Why is it, then, that when this is now possible, the United States, Britain and France all are holding back?

One reason they are holding back is that if the West were to take over the Russians' military role here it would seriously upset Kenya. Kenya's government believes that once Somalia collects the fourth star to its flag in the Ogaden, the next round will be fought over the Somali nomads in Kenya's northern province. President Barre has sought to discount Kenya's fears by saying that the problems between them can be solved in a different way, as between two neighborly independent states. But Kenya remains unconvinced, and has become the first black African state to give their support to the Dergue.

More generally, the western nations (and especially the United States) are not in the mood to get involved in armed conflicts in Africa. So for the first time since World War II the Russians are being given a virtually free hand in a major conflict in a strategically vital part of the world. Western diplomats here argue that the Russians have bitten off more than they can chew in the Horn of Africa, and that they are heading for their

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biggest defeat since their expulsion from Egypt. Perhaps, but one can't help feeling that the Russians will wish to chew especially vigorously on this tasty morsel of Red Sea territory that is so important to both the Gorshkov strategy and their international reputation.

Colin Legum

Colin Legum is an associate editor of the London *Observer* and editor of the *Africa Contemporary Record.*

Assessing the terror in Cambodia.

How Much Blood Makes a Bloodbath?

Bangkok

Anyone who hoped we could put Vietnam behind us forever, or even for very long, obviously was mistaken. America's amnesia has lasted just over two years, about the same period as the indecent interval between the departure of US forces and the fall of Cambodia, South Vietnam and Laos to the Communists. Indochina has been a repressed trauma since 1975, affecting our behavior in unacknowledged and generally harmful ways. We have treated our veterans shabbily at home. Some of us flinch at any suggestion of new involvement abroad, while others reflexively demand it as proof that America, after all, has a will. We have avoided pointing fingers of blame at each other for the war, but we have avoided learning its lessons, too.

Now, it appears, a rediscovery process is beginning. The signs include the production of at least three Vietnam movies and the success of Philip Caputo's book, *A Rumor of War*, which shares with readers the agony and disillusionment of the men we went to fight.

Another sign of an Indochina reassessment is the increasing (though still inadequate) attention being given to the monstrous events that have transpired in Cambodia since our side's collapse. With the same penchant for numbers that gave us body counts and kill ratios as the measure of success in the war, there has been a good deal of squabbling in the press and before congressional committees over how many Cambodians have to die by execution and how many by starvation and disease in order for what is going on there to be labelled "genocide" or a "bloodbath." It should give no one much comfort to know that most diplomatic and journalistic observers in Bangkok now think that the often-cited figures of one million or 1.2 million deaths—out of a population believed to be about six million—are too high.

Those figures are the estimates of *Reader's Digest* editors John Barron and Anthony Paul, who are thought by observers here to have erred by extrapolating across the whole of Cambodia from accounts of refugees who fled from selected areas. Diplomats and journalists based in Bangkok, on the basis of their own talks with refugees, say they simply do not know how many have died. They do not dispute the current best estimate of US government officials that the deaths have been "in the tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands." Nor do they dispute the main burden of the charges made by Barron and Paul, and by French priest François Ponchard, which is that something terrible and terrifying is happening across the border.

On the basis of one day's talking to refugees in the steamy "boat people" camp of Leam Sing in southeast Thailand, I am not in a position to make numerical estimates or categorical statements. Objections have been raised, by Gareth Porter of the Institute for Policy Studies and others, that interviewing refugees is inherently an unsound way to judge what is happening in Cambodia, or Democratic Kampuchea, as it is now called. Porter thinks that bloodbath stories are wildly exaggerated, partly because refugees are by definition dissatisfied with things where they came from and, in this case, are likely to say what they think Americans want to hear, namely, the worst stories they have picked up from other refugees.

Porter may be correct. Certainly the best method for judging Cambodia would be to visit there. But Kampuchea is not letting anyone in. The next-best method would be for an impartial international organization to conduct an extensive inquiry, perhaps computer aided, among Cambodian refugees wherever they can be found, attempting to stitch their stories together as to place and time and to cross-check one's testimony against the others. A commission might approach the Carter administration to acquire satellite and spy plane photos and radio transmission intercepts from the CIA, and might also seek cooperation from Vietnam, where refugees fleeing from Cambodia are arriving by the thousands.

In the absence of these better alternatives, we are left with what we can get, which is what reporters, diplomats, scholars and camp officials hear from refugees. Even taking Porter's objections into account, what they hear is ghastly. It is well known that the Khmer Rouge forcibly evacuated the three million inhabitants of Phnom Penh when they seized power. Some sympathizers of the new regime have tried to say it was to save the citizenry from starving and dying of disease in the over-crowded capital, or to move workers along quickly to the countryside to get them building the new Cambodia. But it is hard to see how any constructive or humane purpose was served by the

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methods used by the Khmer Rouge. One refugee told me he saw a Communist soldier put his machine gun in the doorway of a house where the family was reluctant to leave, and kill everyone inside. Various refugees I talked to said they joined streams of travelers pushed to the south, north and east of Phnom Penh, and they all reported seeing vast numbers of dead by the roadsides. One man estimated that 20 percent of all the people he saw on his journey died. Another said, "They died from being sick. We had to sleep on the road. There was no food and no medicine, and nothing to cover us in the rain. Especially children and old people died, every night and every day, by the hundreds, by the thousands."

None of the refugees I talked to—12 in all—repeated stories of seeing people shot, clubbed, hacked or stabbed to death by Communist soldiers along the journey into the countryside. "I saw people arrested by the Communists," said one man at Leam Sing. "If they thought you were a soldier [of the Lon Nol government] they took you away. I saw five or six families taken away. They took everybody, including the children." The man believes the families were exterminated, but he acknowledged that he was not sure.

Various refugees reported continuing on the road for one and two months before reaching a destination, where they then were forced to work up to 12 hours a day and were given half a tin of rice to eat. All said they pretended to be workers, technicians and Vietnamese nationals, successfully concealing such backgrounds as airline official, policeman, military officer and teacher, which they thought might be grounds for execution. None of the refugees reported actually seeing the Communists kill anyone at the work villages. But one man said, "I saw cadavers in the forest when I went to plant manioc (tapioca plants). I saw them in holes. I didn't count them. Perhaps there were 30 in one hole. I saw holes in many places in the forest with bodies in them." How had the people died? "I don't know. I didn't touch them. They had a very bad odor."

According to the refugees, failing to work up to expectations or other similar failings resulted in a warning twice and then the third time it resulted in being "taken to *Angka*," the "organization." One refugee said, "If they sent you to *Angka*, you were never seen again." He reported that in his village, fully half of its 80 original inhabitants disappeared.

Cambodian refugees I talked to at Leam Sing all reported escaping first across the Vietnam border and then into Saigon, where they said there is no work and little food, but where the regime's supervision is also limited and it is possible to make arrangements to flee. The ethnic Chinese community, especially, has an international network for transfering money from one family to another, and eventually back to Saigon and into the hands of corrupt Communist officials who will issue permits to travel to seaports, where passage, often perilous, out of Vietnam can be arranged. Perhaps half of those seeking to escape Vietnam by boat are lost at sea. The refugee migration patterns of Indochina indicate that people would rather risk death in the ocean than live in Vietnam, but they would rather live in Vietnam than stay in Cambodia. Is there a "bloodbath" going on in Cambodia? The limited evidence I gathered in Leam Sing does not indicate one, in the sense of thousands of people being lined up against the wall and shot. However, reporters I trust in Bangkok have spoken with refugees recounting reports of mass murder. Some of the reporters also have seen with their own eyes the bodies of women and children butchered by Khmer Rouge troops in a Thai border village on January 28, and they are convinced that the *Angka Loeu* ("organization on high") that runs Kampuchea is capable of virtually any brutality it deems useful to erase Cambodia's past and build a collectivized new order. Certainly thousands upon thousands have died from hunger and disease, if not by execution, as a direct result of the new regime's policies.

What has happened certainly does not match the Vietnam "bloodbath" scenario predicted by hawks as the outcome of American withdrawal. There has been no mass slaughter that we know of in Vietnam—only confinement in "re-education" camps for up to 200,000 persons. At the same time, the doves who pooh-poohed the bloodbath theory also were wrong and cannot escape the fact by saying, "oops, it happened in Cambodia." Some anti-war activists try to blame Cambodia's fate on the United States, claiming that American bombing "destroyed the fabric" of the Khmer society, uprooted its population and accelerated the Communist "revolution." Perhaps the United States does bear some responsibility, but the doves themselves had better explain why similar things haven't happened in Vietnam, where the bombing and uprooting were worse, and more sustained. Clearly, Cambodia has fallen into the hands of monsters.

There is nothing we can do about it directly. We have no leverage in Kampuchea. Clearly, we should try to focus the world's attention on what is happening, and try to persuade China to do something. But we shouldn't expect too much. What we can do is to reflect on the Indochina experience and see what we can learn from it, to help us do better elsewhere in the world and to secure our own peace of mind. We can ask "who lost Indochina?" And we will conclude, most probably, that we all did—those who got us into the war, those who misconceived what we ought to do while we were in it, and those who caused us to pull out badly. To the extent that people feel guilty—or just responsible—there are two other things they can do. They can write their congressman about admitting and helping more of Indochina's refugees, and they can agree to serve as sponsors for people who risked their lives to get over to our side.

Morton Kondracke

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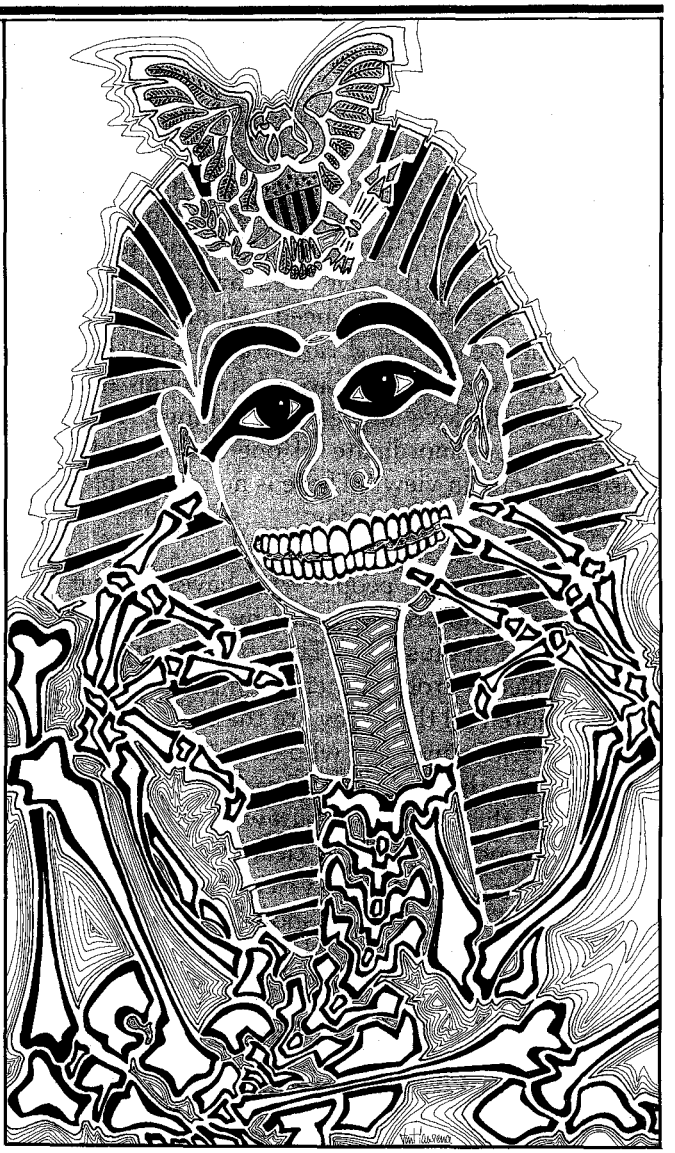
Avarice or Avaritia

by Henry Fairlie

We think of the miser, putting his arms round the pile of coins on the table, until he embraces it, running his hands through them, and feeling them trickle through his fingers. So in at least one of its aspects we think of Avarice, niggardly and parsimonious, and shut away from life. "The unsunn'd heaps/Of miser's treasures," says Milton in *Comus*. If there are any windows where he counts his gold, they are shuttered; and before he enjoys the only thing he is able to enjoy, he bolts the door against anyone and everyone else. But does he enjoy at all? We think of Avarice as pinched, and talk of penny-pinching; and the life of the miser is pinched. Scrooge stays in our minds as a portrait of a miserable man. He does not use his money for pleasure. In fact he lives in a poorhouse with his gold, and he is its only inmate. If all sin is a hardening of the heart against the fullness of life, no one's heart is more stringy.

When the miser fondles his gold, he is making an idol of it. He has set it up as a god, made out of a material thing of this world, which he has been able to lay his hands on. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," but this is exactly what he does. He depreciates himself by his undue appreciation of it. He may worship his gold, but it is a worship that calls into play very little of his full nature, only a fraction of what he otherwise might be, as Scrooge at last discovered. Idolatry is a self-abasement before an object that is unworthy of our veneration. We exaggerate its significance, and so its significance to us. We talk of the Bitch Goddess Success because we give success a greater value than it deserves, and we rightly say of some people that they idolize success. As we will see, this emphasis on success is one of the forms that Avarice takes in us today.

We must keep the miser in mind. But at least at first sight, Avarice today does not seem to be miserly shut away. On the contrary, our love of possessing is out in the open, on view to everyone, even flaunted in their faces. Instead of just counting our money, we are at least spending and enjoying it. The great department stores get larger and larger every year, and can hardly build fast enough to keep up with an apparently insatiable appetite. Shopping malls spring up across the country almost overnight, some with floor space of more than two million square feet. Surely we are not misers, when we spend so much. Surely we are not guilty of Avarice, when we throw away our money so freely. Scrooge gave nothing to anybody at Christmas; we go on an orgy of spending. Are we not different? The answer is abrupt. We are as avaricious as the miser.



Drawing by Vint Lawrence

Avarice is the love, not so much of possessions, but of possessing. To buy what we do not need, more even than we need for our pleasure, and our entertainment, is a love of possessing for its own sake. We may think that we do not know any misers, since we do not come across people fondling their coins and letting them trickle through their fingers, but we all know people whose houses are so filled with possessions that literally there is no room to turn in them. No one can need so many possessions, or derive any real pleasure from them. Our main impression in such houses is of distraction. Not only is our attention disturbed by them, but no less so is the owner's. His eyes dart round the room, noticing his possessions, and he must bring them to our notice. He is a distracted man, who has to look constantly at what he owns, because it is the mere fact that he owns them that matters to him. He needs to be reminded of his possessing. He does not love his possessions for what they are—no one can love so many objects—he loves only the fact that he possesses them. He is, in short, a miser.

The significant fact about our shopping malls, as

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distinct from the ordinary shopping centers where one goes for one's groceries, is that we do not need most of what they sell, not even for our pleasure. We are incited to possess for the sake of possessing. We buy more clothes than we need, more accessories (how revealing the word is) than we need, more furniture than we need, more bric-a-brac than we need, more *objets d'art* than we need, more cookbooks than we need, more kitchen equipment than we need; and even more gifts for our friends than they need. All of this is again a distraction. We are *out of our minds* in our search for possessions; we scour the world for them. Avarice is the inordinate love of temporal things, usually of riches, and it is inordinate "if one is not guided by a reasonable end in view." There is no reasonable end to much of our spending today.

We have all met people who have become their possessions, who are possessed by them; and we say that they live in museums. They have been taken over by the objects around them, which seem to have become more real than they are themselves. This may be most obvious in those who can afford to surround themselves with expensive and rare objects. But it is no less true of the suburban housewife who devotes her day to her possessions. She cleans and polishes them and her house, more than any cleaning is necessary, for it is in them that she is on show. She trusts them to speak for her more than herself; and in her attention to her husband and children, she often treats them also as her possessions, showing them off as evidence of herself. For one thing that we are talking about here is a middle-class way of life that derives its standards from the emulation of an upper middle-class way of life. The identification of possessing with the bourgeois is correct. It is peculiarly his mark, the mark of a bourgeois society, and therefore the mark of our society; and it is strangling us.

Counting is the main pleasure of the miser—although he may get some physical pleasure from handling and looking at the coins—and counting is the main object of Avarice. "Money is the chief object of Avarice, not only because it provides the means for control of many other objects, but because it offers the very simple satisfaction that it can be counted," says William F. May. But the fact is that we have reached the stage at which most of the objects we buy with our money have no real purpose but to be counted, even when we touch or look at them with the same pleasure as the miser touches and looks at his coins. Every possession that is bought as a "status symbol" is bought to be counted, and the status symbol is again peculiarly the mark of a middle-class or bourgeois society. Perhaps one ought to say that it is its brand. We depersonalize ourselves, in the objects that represent and announce our status, and in the end dehumanize ourselves. We begin to treat ourselves as objects.

Among all the other objects by which we are surrounded, we become to ourselves just one more object. A woman who has too many clothes, or who is hung with too much jewelry, seems to us to have become an object; and in fact we say so, calling her in the first case a clothes horse, and in the second a Christmas tree. It is not only others who may treat us as objects, we are accomplished at doing it ourselves. The man who surrounds himself with things he does not need will in time cease to know what he does need; in a little more time, he will cease to know what he wants. Knowing neither what he needs nor even what he wants, he ceases to know or even be able to be himself. Avarice is a form of death in life. It is put high among the sins, and we cannot lightly dismiss the severity of Christ's words: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Avarice makes us as unfit for salvation as that. "For though an avaricious man should, for the sake of avoiding death, cast his riches in the sea, he will nonetheless remain avaricious," said Spinoza; or for a rich man to divest himself of his wealth, to museums or foundations, cannot by itself save his soul.

We drown ourselves in our possessions, as the saying goes, but we also treat ourselves as objects in pursuing them. This is again what we mean by the rat race, in which we surrender ourselves to the pursuit of what we do not need in order to be genuinely and fully ourselves. In the rat race we are distracted—when we are on the way to work, at work, on the way home from work, even when we are supposed to be away from our work—and when we are distracted, we are not just out of our minds. We are not in possession of ourselves. Avarice does not leave us whole. It is not as whole people that we engage in the competitiveness of our societies. "Late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers," as Wordsworth said, and our societies day by day incite us to this devastation of ourselves.

Avarice in our societies, no less than in us as individuals, is a form of harassment. We are harassed into working in ways that are unsatisfying, so that we may buy things which we have been harassed into believing are necessary to satisfy us. What we talk and complain about as the increased tempo of life today is itself a harassment, and it is caused in part by the sin of Avarice in ourselves, and the incitement to that sin by our societies. This is the logic of the economic system we have created: we know no other way, with the exception of war, of keeping it going. We tolerate it because we are avaricious for what it spreads before us, temptingly and with such cunning; and day by day, we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the hymns to it that are chanted by its priests. A society that is so motivated by Avarice cannot expect in the end to have any moral sanction.

Avarice is not only a form of dying, a submergence of ourselves in our love of possessions; it is also a form of

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solitude. It has been said that Americans do not usually make friends or acquaintances, but instead make allies, and it is hard to deny that there is something to the observation. When we seek people as allies, we are using them as assets; in other words, we are treating them as objects. Our societies are increasingly organized not merely to encourage this, but to make it all but inevitable. It is again the rat race. We take it almost for granted that we must claw and clamber our way to the top, scaling a pyramid of bodies over which we have trampled, accepting a helping hand from those who are our allies for the time being, but ready at last to leave go even of them and climb on their shoulders, as we give ourselves one more heave to take the final step ahead of them. It is our Avarice that drives us to be this inhumanity which cuts us off from all fellow-feelings.

But it is also our Avarice that leaves us no time or energy to care for our neighbors in our society, not just our neighbors but the strangers who are our fellow citizens as well. We hear of their woes and ills; we would like to do something, but we do not have the time; we are tired at the end of the day, and do not wish to go out again; we have other things on our minds. There is much talk about the declining participation in the public life of our societies. We say that it is alienation. But much of it is simply a kind of *ennui*. To almost everything about us in our lives we respond with Sloth, unless it is concerned with getting and spending, our own gratification; and since Avarice is a narrowing of our whole natures, it is therefore a form of dejection which is Sloth. We are really alive to very little in our day-to-day rounds.

One of the results of Avarice which is most strongly condemned is "hardness of heart toward the poor, whether in not giving alms to those in need, or harshly exacting payment of debts." In a statement that was issued by the Canadian Catholic Conference of Bishops in 1972, it was said: "The riches of Canada are unequally shared. This inequality, which keeps so many people poor, is a social sin." The oppression of the poor is counted in theology as one of the sins that cries out to heaven for vengeance, as also is the defrauding of laborers of their wages: the neglect of our neighbors and the poor is, in the medieval phrase, an insensibility to mercy. "Sins against the needy are, in an important sense, the exact opposite of those against the enemy," says William F. May. "The enemy occupies the center of attention. But the needy, at the other extreme, barely exists." These sins of Avarice are sins of omission, and they are nourished in us by our socieites. More and more, the poor are tucked away, where we cannot see them. More and more, we are withdrawn from them. We omit to remember them. Middle-class life is today increasingly isolated from what is the severest rebuke to it: that it tolerates the persistence of avoidable poverty in societies which boast that they are now affluent.

We have become too tolerant of the Avarice with which people seek personal wealth in our societies. Avarice not only acquires the means of easily committing any other sin by the fact of its wealth. It is not only able to buy freedom from penalty for the methods of its acquisition. It is also able to purchase a widespread approval of them. When the theologian says that among the results of Avarice are "deceit in compassing wealth, commercial dishonesty, over-reaching others in trade by unjust methods, and violation of inconvenient contracts," he is in fact describing the manner in which wealth is normally acquired and retained in our societies. Yet few societies have left themselves with so little moral grounds for condemning the accumulation of great individual wealth, and condemning it not least as an influence and example that corrupts the rest of society.

Midas asked for and was given the power to turn everything which he touched into gold, and it meant of course, that he turned his food also to gold. He could no longer eat what he needed to live, and we have put ourselves in much the same position. With our own Avarice as with his, we deaden all that could fulfil ourselves and make our societies rewarding: our relationships with others, whom we treat as mere objects, allies and assets; our relationship with the rest of creation, which we exploit as a mere resource; and our relationship even with ourselves, whom we also use as mere assets, manipulating our own natures for purposes that cannot satisfy them, and bring us only to death in life. We are exactly in the condition of Midas.

Those who have seen the exhibition of Tutankhamen's treasures must in the end find something ghastly in it. We think of the body of the king sealed with his riches for all those centuries in a dark and airless chamber; when it is opened, his body has decomposed, but the gold and the alabaster have kept their substance and form, and glitter as brightly as ever. What is absent from them is the king himself. They tell us of his majesty—in other words, of his status—but they tell us nothing of the man. They are relics of a civilization in which, under the sway of its cosmology and beliefs, the king was as depersonalized and dehumanized as his subjects. We look back at the treasures: with all their brilliance and art, they are decadent and meaningless; we think again of the kin amongst his treasures: an object only, buried among other objects. It was they that survived. Perhaps we have gone to the exhibition in such large numbers because we are looking at something we can understand: at the contents of a tomb from which, when the stone was rolled away, it was the objects and not the man that rose again, in which the man had become the most lifeless of all the objects. How can we deny that this is an image of us?

This article is the fifth in a series from The Seven Deadly Sins Today, *which will be published next year by New Republic Books.*

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Arts and Lives

Starting with this issue, Stanley Kauffmann, John Canaday, B.H. Haggin, James Lardner, and Michael Ullman will offer monthly columns on film and theater, art and photography, classical music, television, and jazz, respectively. They will be joined by Wolf Von Eckardt on architecture and landscape, and Richard Poirier on dance with the issue of November 5.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Cost of Freedom

Trouble. It's a trouble I've noted in passing from time to time, and it's getting worse. It centers on the idea of the director's function.

The director in the theater has, usually, a function akin to the actors': his job is to serve the author, to help the actors realize the author's design. In this century the theater director has taken on additional functions, sometimes helpfully, altering or expanding the author's design—especially with classics where there is concern that the play has grown stale or that a changed society needs the play reinterpreted. But in even the most extreme cases of reinterpretation, the relation between author and theater director is one of collaboration; the author is, if only implicitly, always present. The director is working for him even when he is working, seemingly, against him. I once asked the Argentinian film director Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson whether he ever directed plays, and he said, "No, I don't want to be an author's lawyer." Even when the director is figuratively the author's prosecutor, the sense of relation with the Other has been unavoidable in any theater production of the last 150 years that began with a script.

In films, which took the term "director" from the theater, the case has become different. Through film history most directors have been something like the director in the (no-longer-extant) popular theater: the man in charge of a group that got together to put on a script, changing it in lots of ways as he went along but still the chief engineer fulfilling a flexible blueprint. There were always exceptions to this, in pictures where people got together every night after a day's shooting to concoct the next day's shooting, still in the main the director was the executive for the author, though the term "author" now often included the producer.

But, almost from the start, there was a different kind of exception—for instance, D.W. Griffith in much of his career. This kind of exception has not exactly become the rule, yet now there are enough such exceptions to have a rule of their own. Increasingly, in recent years, the weight has shifted; the director of a film is something other than the executant for the author/producer. The director may himself be the author or a collaborator on the script or the proponent of the subject, but in any case or combination of cases, he is not anybody's lawyer: the creative impulse and temper of the film are his. The author, in the sense of writer, if there is one other than the director, has become one of his staff like his cinematographer and designer. *He* is the real author.

I won't take space to list any of the fine film artists for whom this practice has resulted in their best work: the list would include most of the best films ever made anywhere. By now, freedom—from producers' supervision, from the function of turning someone else's typewritten pages into pictures—freedom to use the film medium as directly and personally as a painter uses oils and canvas—has become the standard by which a director's function and work are judged. Particularly since the Second War, it's been assumed that to be a good and serious director means ipso facto to be the central and originating creative force of a film.

But the blessings in this change have become thoroughly mixed. The ideal of director-as-creator has been assumed by many men and women who are talented as *directors*, of acting and camera movement and editing and design, but who falter when they ask themselves to supply the material that they are to direct. A cartoon analogy, not utterly false, is to imagine Sir Georg Solti deciding to compose all the scores for his concerts. The result of this self-imposed injunction for film directors has been a lot of disappointment: often we get the sad spectacle of a real *directing* talent being wasted because the person in question feels the imperative to be monarch of all he surveys. I'm not talking about the much-argued right of final cut. Any film on which a competent director does not have final cut is to some degree an artistic blasphemy. I'm talking about the new necessity to be another kind of artist as well as a director.

The first name I always think of in this sad connection is the English director Lindsay Anderson. He has made four features, *This Sporting Life*, *If . . . .*, *O Lucky Man!*, and *In Celebration*. The first three were his "own" films, and each of them was for the most part directed exceptionally well, often brilliantly; but more and more these three films revealed highly erratic judgment about what Anderson ought to be putting before us, scene by scene. The fourth film proved the point by contrast. *In Celebration* was part of a series that brought established plays to the screen

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen, as if you hadn't heard. On-the-job training has paid off. His best so far.

The Best Way. A modestly perceptive French film about two male counsellors at a summer camp, and which one is *more* male.

La Grande Bourgeoise. Italian, despite title. Tolerable. A murder case in turn-of-the-century Bologna, with ideological overtones.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. It very nearly does—ironically. By Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker*. The French court in 1720. Rich, intelligent, sexy, and generally subtle.

The Spy Who Loved Me. James Bond. For those in James Bondage, this is far from the worst.

SK

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Anderson had (I heard) worked with the author on the theater script, which doesn't controvert my point—it was still the *author's* play. And in the film version Anderson devoted himself to serving the author, which he did adroitly. But as a result of his insistence elsewhere on making *Anderson* films—anyway, I believe it's because of this—Anderson's film career is on the rocks. He keeps working in the London theater, with varying success but at least working, because in the theater he concentrates on directing. Meanwhile we're losing the work of a good film director because of his insistence that in films he be more than a director.

Anderson is only one of many examples. Another: Sam Peckinpah. He has a genuine and unique talent, but on the evidence he has a very limited *originating* brain. His early features, *Ride the High Country* and *The Wild Bunch*, made the most, which was a lot, of that directing talent and his originating ability. As a result of the success of those pictures, Peckinpah got increased control, increased obligation to be a "whole" artist. Now he is like an ex-champion boxer who has become his own manager and is swinging hard but wild. If he had the right producer to guide him—no, to control him—if he were not inflated with ideas of selfhood that he can't sustain, his career might be flowering instead of floundering.

All the above was brought dismally home by the arrival of the newest film from the gifted young German, Wim Wenders. He made one of the best postwar German films, *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*, and he made it from a novel by his friend Peter Handke, with Handke's screenplay and collaboration. Wenders' next film *Alice in the Cities* was much more his own work and was a discursive, trite social criticism-comparison of the US and Germany. His next film *Kings of the Road* was like a parody of latter-day film-maker's freedom, wildly slopped around. It had a good basic idea: a young German makes a freelance vagabond living by traveling from town to town in a van, repairing motion-picture projectors. He lives in a world outside the world whose fantasies he keeps in repair. Some of it was quietly, pungently good. But three hours of detour and divagation turned the picture into a display of freedom curdled into self-indulgence. Wenders had not learned that it's not necessarily creative merely to fracture convention.

He has said that *Kings* was made "without a screenplay and, above all, without a plot" and that next he wanted to work within the framework of someone else's story. He chose a novel called *Ripley's Game* by Patricia Highsmith whose work he had long admired, retitled it *The American Friend*, and, he says, soon felt that he had to move away from the story, most of all from the characters. Perhaps it doesn't prove anything that Highsmith thinks Wenders' script "pretty hair-raising" and that the casting of Dennis Hopper as Ripley "upset" her "profoundly." (*New Review*, Aug. '77.) I haven't read the novel. But I do know, from sitting through the two hours of the film, that the second hour is not only boring, it destroys the good first hour.

The American Friend (New Yorker) is about a Hamburg picture-framer, Bruno Ganz, who is dying of leukemia and who is offered a lot of money by a French racketeer, Gerard Blain, to murder a rival racketeer in Paris. Blain has been steered to Ganz by Hopper, an American art racketeer. The first hour of the picture, in which Ganz revises his morality in the light of his imminent death and his concern for his wife and child, is done intelligently, grippingly, and the murder sequence is almost hysterically terrible. (Two noted US film directors, Nicholas Ray and Samuel Fuller, are in the cast, along with the French director Jean Eustache.) But then we have to go through the whole thing again, repeated—as Marx said of history—farcically, when Ganz is asked to commit a second murder if he wants full payment. This leads to a series of episodes with him and Hopper, who suddenly befriends him, that raises Wenders' self-indulgence to new levels of audience suffocation.

Where, I asked myself as I watched this initially good picture pound itself to pieces by keeping on and on, was a producer? Where, I dared to think about a new and iconoclastic artist like Wenders, was a Sam Spiegel—even a Harry Cohn—to make the director understand that self-expression and self-satisfaction are not synonymous? That cinematic values and lolling around in cinematic values are not identical? Some of the photography by Robby Müller, who always works for Wenders, is sensationally gorgeous—for instance, a sequence in which an ambulance and a Volkswagen circle on a deserted beach at dawn. Much of the editing by Peter Pryzgodda is sensitive. But I have rarely been more disgusted by exceptional photography and editing, used so egocentrically.

Kathleen Nott asks why liberals so often endorse anti-liberal ideas.

How has it happened that the fundamental values of liberalism—freedom, individuality, equality of opportunity, the importance of personal relations—have in certain fashionable social theories been used to conceal an authoritarianism that runs directly counter to them? This is the question Kathleen Nott addresses in a probing analysis of the works of Skinner, Marcuse, Roszak, Ardrey and others—perhaps the most telling and engaging dissection of liberal culture since Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*.

THE GOOD WANT POWER

Kathleen Nott

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We all know, though the lesson keeps being read at us, that traditional criteria of drama and character and structure can be supplanted or expanded or seen at unique unhistorical angles. Some of us, who still get preached at on this point, have been saying so at least since Antonioni's films first reached the US. But in art, even anti-form needs form. Some conviction of *our* existence (another way of saying the same thing) must accompany the cascading evidence of the artist's knowledge of his own existence. I *want* to be stretched past my known responses, to be forced to examine preconceptions. I don't want to be masturbated over.

Only the immovably prejudiced, I think—I hope—would take the above arguments as a plea for a return to the assembly-line factories of old Hollywood where a contract director got suspended for not doing what was handed to him, or for an esthetics that sees film as an especially cute way of illustrating typescripts. But it does seem clear that many gifted directors don't have the *whole* gift of film-making in the degree that they have the ability to direct and that, especially if they're under 50, they feel it would be corruption to face that fact. What these directors—Wenders is only the very latest example—need are collaborators: call them producers or co-authors or whatever. People who have the ability, the sympathy, and the *authority* to say helpfully: "Why not do this? Omit that? Condense the other? Why not fulfill, in your own way, the theme you started back there?"

The directors I'm talking about have no problem with their doing; all their problem is in their choices of what to do and their inability to initiate. Meanwhile, a lot of talent is being sacrificed on the altar of new freedom.

Postscript. Another sort of example is Bruno Bozzetto, the Italian maker of animated films. Bozzetto is, beyond compare, my favorite in his field, and at last a feature of his is being released here—*Allegro Non Troppo* (Specialty). It's modeled on Disney's *Fantasia*, as it acknowledges—it's a series of six animated sequences set to well-known symphonic pieces. Most of those six sequences are superb. I particularly liked the one to the Ravel *Bolero*, in which a couple of drops from a Coke bottle become amoeba-like things and retrace the evolution of life in an abstract way. Wit, rue, discretion, imagination, lovely *animation* of living creatures—not always true of all "animation"—are hallmarks of Bozzetto's work. But Bozzetto, his own producer, has also included live-action sequences before and between the drawn sequences, supposedly comic, that I won't even bother to describe and that are beneath comment. A wise distributor would try to get the right to cut those live sequences, every scrap, and give us a gem of an animated anthology, far superior to *Fantasia* in refinement and in aim.

John Canaday on art

Here We Go Again

At this time of year, art critics avoid a simple, declarative "Here we go again" for something stimulating like "As the curtain rises on the new art season, art lovers are promised a galaxy of exhibitions ranging from the ancient past to the glittering present, from King Tut to Jasper Johns." In the hope of doing better, but unable to settle on a subject, here are a few introductions I have sketched out for timely articles.

For an article on the state of the art market:

"Traditionally, a bull stockmarket means brisk sales for living artists who may have potential as growth stocks, and a bear market means a shift to art's blue chips. Well, I guess you know how it's been on Wall Street lately. However, inquiries among dealer friends of mine who can be trusted to tell me the truth, reveal that their galleries are empty of both bull and bears. 'What's selling?' I ask them. 'Nothing,' they answer.

"The School of Paris, which a few years ago was pure azure, is a major victim, they tell me, with Picasso the worst sufferer of all. Apparently you can't get rid of a Picasso these days. Oh, a few prints maybe, at reduced prices, but no paintings. The reasons in Picasso's case are, of course, obvious, the most obvious of all being that . . . etc. etc."

For an article on a contrast between painting at the moment in North and South America:

"Early this summer I had the good fortune to travel for six weeks in Latin America for the USIS lecturing on American (that is, United States) art and learning something in exchange about the current art scene in Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Colombia and Mexico. What interested me most in making comparisons was that the revival of figurative art in the United States took the form of acute, deadpan, realism, while the South Americans have gone in for just about the only type of figurative painting that young North Americans won't touch—fantasy and surrealism.

"Talking to artists, I suggested that the explanation lay in the contrast between our Puritan-Protestant ethic and their romantic background—Spanish baroque combined with Mayan and Aztec mysteries and Catholic mysticism.

"No, they said, that wasn't the reason at all. Their explanation was . . ."

For an article on the response of successful women artists to feminist pressure groups:

"Far be it from me to put words into anybody's mouth, especially Louise Nevelson's, but I have been wondering lately what the ratio might be between a woman artist's success or obscurity and her degree of response to the feminist movement. I can imagine Louise saying, 'Look, dear, either you've got it or you haven't got it. I've always had it and it took a long time for it to be recognized, but being a woman had nothing to do with it one way or the other.'

"Recognizing the presumptuousness of the situation, I called Louise and asked her where she stood. 'Look, dear,' she said . . ."

For another article on art and feminism:

"A number of years ago when I was teaching art history at the University of Virginia, I was having cocktails at the home of a distinguished colleague, a professor in the medical school. His absolutely enchanting little daughter, wearing a pinafore, went around passing the canapés to us grown ups. It turns

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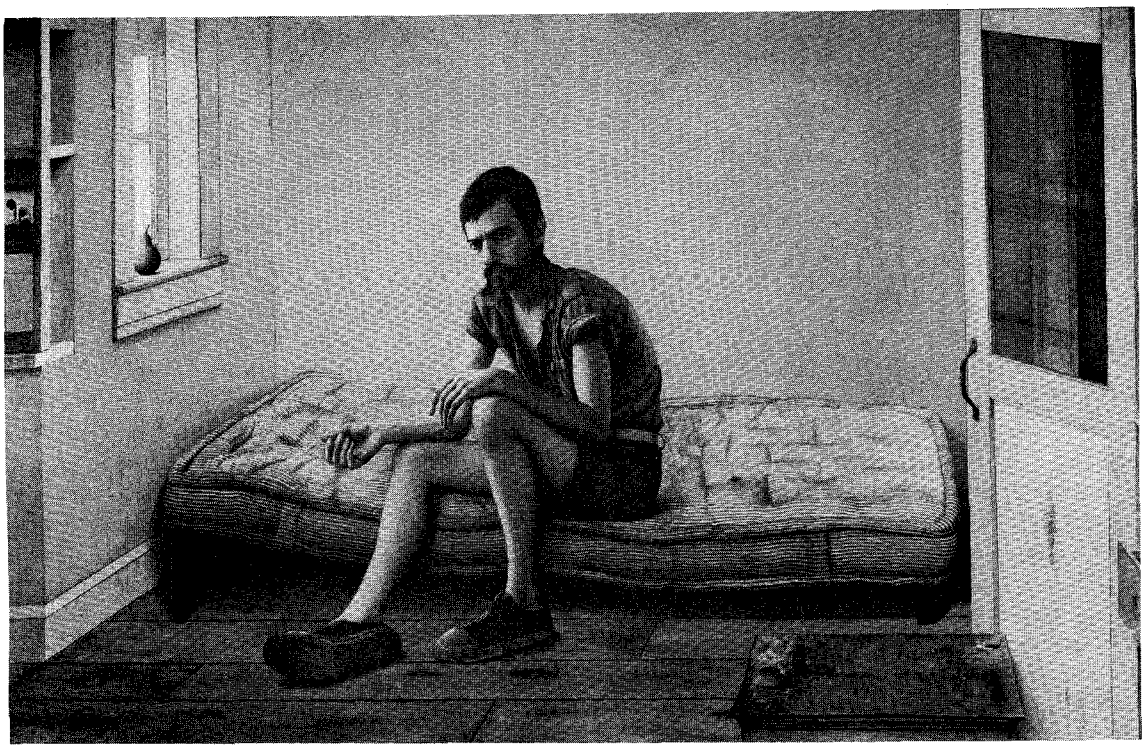

Gregory Gillespie: Self Portrait, *1973-74, (mixed media). Forum Gallery, New York.*

out that she grew up to be Lucy Lippard, the brilliantly aggressive feminist art critic, and I have often wondered: Did she hate pinafores? Resent passing canapés? Had she been in her room polishing a tract on sexual discrimination in the kindergarten when told to stop it and get pretty and come downstairs and serve food to a male art professor?

"Incidents seeming as inconsequential as that have triggered more than one career. As for the residual effect on Miss Lippard's art criticism, let me say that . . ."

For an article on art criticism today:

"Recently, when asked to give a lecture on the relationship between the artist, the critic, and the public, I was forced to do a little unaccustomed thinking and found myself in a jam. The plain truth is that art, at least American art, would have been a lot better off if there had been no critics at all for the last 30 years.

"Why? Easy. Just look at the record. Look at . . ."

For another article on art criticism today, and maybe in the past as well:

It occurs to me, and I might as well let you in on it, that when you read a piece of art criticism you aren't reading the same thing that another art critic is reading. And it's us, the critics, who are reading it right. Subliminally.

"If a critic has been around New York for a while, he doesn't even have to be adept at picking up gossip to be aware that this-or-that critic hates that-or-this critic; that such-and-such a painter and such-and-such a critic are good friends, new friends, or ex-friends; that a certain critic is gunning for a certain job, or has just lost one. Things like that. Even if an art critic does not consciously or, let's say, viciously direct his comments to the aggrandizement of his position in certain quarters or the undermining of an enemy's, he is working in a tight little ingrown world where critics, writing as much and usually more for one another than for the public, can become literally incapable of distinguishing between their prejudices and what would have been their unprejudiced response to the art they are analyzing.

"Sounds bad, doesn't it? And I could give you some shocking examples. But to counter in advance any fuming, any objection that this critic has adopted a holier-than-them attitude, let me answer the question, 'What about you? You've never done anything like that?'

"Well, maybe, once or twice, just the teensiest weensiest little bit in the friendliest kind of way for another critic's own good. For instance . . ."

Finally, for a forthcoming article that I think I could write without visiting the shows, let me give you a lead that I might yet find myself using after going through the routine of looking again at a lot of paintings I already know:

"As the curtain rises on the new art season, art lovers are promised a galaxy of exhibitions ranging from the ancient past to the glittering present, from King Tut to Jasper Johns. Mr. Johns's retrospective at the Whitney Museum is of special interest when taken in combination with a less expected one, Gregory Gillespie's at the Hirshhorn Museum. Together, these two exhibitions show what art has been like for a generation in this country up to now—that's Mr. Johns, a patriarchal figure—and what it is becoming. That's Mr. Gillespie, who just might emerge as the most important American painter at work today."

That's said seriously. I mean it. For that matter, I mean all of this, except for one little bit. I didn't really get around to telephoning Louise Nevelson.

R

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B. H. Haggin on classical music

The New Higher Criticism

In 1963 a reader alerted me to some articles on music in *The Nation* which—though they sounded very authoritative—he found incomprehensible, but which possibly I might understand. They were written by someone new to me named Benjamin Boretz, and provided my first experience of a strange way of writing about music that was, as my reader had said, impressive-sounding, but that was as incomprehensible to me as it had been to him. That is, although it dealt with music that was familiar to me I couldn't recognize what it referred to when I listened or find it when I looked for it in the score.

Boretz wrote concerning Mozart's Piano Concerto K.491, for example, that it was a "profound and extensive exploration of the entire range of associations generated from a single idea (two notes, actually, first heard as the third and fourth notes [A-flat falling to G] of the opening melodic line)" and he contended that since these associations were the "unmistakable plot lines" of the work, an awareness of them was "a minimum requirement if the music is to hold any interest for either performer or listener." "Associations" I took to be details in the course of the movement in which one would hear the recognizable identity of the generating two notes in bar 3—an identity given them chiefly by their rhythm, the stressed half-note and unstressed quarter-note of the three-quarter measure, but also by their context: the pitch-sequence A-flat and G was heard not as something isolated and complete in itself, but as something led up to by the C and E-flat (each a dotted half-note) in the preceding measures, and completed by the F-sharp leaping up to E-flat (two quarter-notes) in the measure that followed. And for the performance to be meaningful, according to Boretz, the performer had to perceive, in the course of the movement, the occurrences of those details and play them in a way that would cause the listener to hear in them that recognizable identity of the two notes in bar 3. But I had to write that I could neither hear those associations when I listened to the work nor find them when I looked for them in the score; and I discovered the reason for this when Boretz, in his reply, listed a number of them in specific places.

What he called associations turned out to be all the occurrences his eye detected of the sequence A-flat and G, or any note and the note a step lower, with no regard for the differences in rhythm and context that made it one in which the ear would *not* hear the recognizable identity of the two notes in bar 3. Thus he cited, among others, "the unaccompanied opening notes of each of the piano's first two phrases at its entrance in m.100, as well as the middle voice in mm.102-3, and the upper voice at the end of the second phrase (mm.106-7)." But the opening G and F in bars 100-1 of the piano's first phrase, and the opening A-flat and G in bars 104-5 of the piano's second phrase, are a dotted half-note in 100 and 104 followed by the first of six descending eighth-notes in 101 and 105; and in 106-7 the unstressed last of three A-flats in 106 is followed by the stressed G at the beginning of 107. And with the differences in rhythm there are differences in context: the ear doesn't associate what is proclaimed at the beginning of the piano's phrases with the unobtrusive two notes in bar 3 of the orchestra's hushed opening statement. For a performance to get the listener to hear a relation between the two notes at the beginning of the piano's two proclamatory phrases and the two notes in bar 3, the conductor would have to strongly emphasize the two notes in bar 3, which would distort the orchestra's statement, and the pianist would have to pause on the first of the six descending eighth-notes in bars 101 and 105, distorting the piano's phrases; and I doubt that the listener could hear the relation even then. Also, if the pianist wanted the listener to hear the two-note sequence in the accompaniment chords in bars 102-3 he would have to emphasize it to a degree that would draw attention away from the melodic statement of bars 100-3—another distortion.

I wrote that I found Boretz's dealing with K.491 not only amazing but ludicrous. And when a composer I met in the street protested that Boretz was a good musician I pointed out that I had expressed my opinion only of what he had written about K.491—which caused the composer to exclaim plaintively, "Yes, but they're all writing like that; it's the influence of Babbitt at Princeton." He was referring to the writers in the magazine *Perspectives of New Music*, which was published at Princeton, with Boretz, a Princeton graduate, as one of its editors; and my impression at that time was that the magazine was the outgrowth of a seminar on criticism at Princeton a few years earlier.

My next experience of this writing allegedly associated with Princeton was *The Classical Style*, the book by the pianist Charles Rosen, another graduate (with a PhD degree in French literature). The book's subject had been dealt with at length by the great scholar and teacher Donald Tovey in his *Essays in Musical Analysis*, which for many years have provided a non-academic musical education for countless musicians and music-lovers; and Rosen's many references to Tovey caused one enthusiastic reviewer to perceive "Tovey's catalyzing influence . . . on virtually every page." This reviewer credited Rosen with "fill[ing] out and consolidat[ing] Tovey's view of the classical revolution" by providing the generalizations Tovey had failed to draw from his analyses of particular works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. And he pointed out Rosen's insistence that "the priorities of the ear must be respected," his adherence to Tovey's guiding principle that one "should never set down anything that his ear has not recognized apart from the appearance on the printed page," which made Rosen "a sensitive guide to this music," and his book one "definitely for the intelligent general reader, not for the specialist alone."

Actually Tovey did draw generalizations from his analyses of particular works, such as this statement about Haydn and Mozart:

> *[Haydn]is rightly believed to be on a level with Mozart as a master of form; but his form is described as 'regular and symmetrical' . .]But] Haydn's most nearly regular works are his earlier ones, when he wrote on the lines of J.C. and C.P.E. Bach; whereas his freedom of form becomes manifest just about the time when he came to know Mozart. The mutual influence of Haydn and Mozart is one of the best known wonders of musical history; and the paradox of it is that while its effect on Mozart was to concentrate his style and strengthen his symmetry, the effect on Haydn was to set him free, so that his large movements became as capricious in their extended course of events as his minuets had always been in the cast of their phrases.*

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And Tovey did set down, in the generalizations as well as the analyses of particular works, only what his ear had heard apart from the appearance on the printed page, and what the reader's ear could hear after reading him. But in Rosen's book the adherence he declared to Tovey's guiding principle was not to be found in the writing about the passages of music he quoted. What he wrote, for example, about a passage in the first movement of Haydn's Quartet Op. 50 No. 6—that the cello's four F-naturals in bar 26-9 were something to hear, while one followed the four-string activity in the next eight bars as the preparation for the F-major chord in bar 38—I found hard to believe his ear had heard apart from the appearance on the printed page; it was certainly something my ear could not hear even *with* the appearance on the printed page; and I couldn't imagine the intelligent general reader being able to hear it. This was true also of the numerous and various occurrences of the note E that Rosen directed attention to in that movement of the Haydn quartet; and the things he said one was to hear in the passages he quoted from Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata, Mozart's Piano Concerto K.488 and numerous other works. They were—like the "associations" with the notes A-flat and G that Boretz had said one had to hear in Mozart's K.491—things the intelligent general reader could not hear; that consequently provided him with no guidance; and that did not represent the influence of Tovey.

This was confirmed for me in the article on Tovey by another Princeton graduate, Joseph Kerman of the University of California at Berkeley, published in *The American Scholar* in 1976. He began by saying that Tovey "must still be the most widely read music critic in English-speaking countries," whose writings on the classical composers "remained unmatched until the appearance of *The Classical Style* by Charles Rosen"; that this book "owes much to Tovey, who is the one writer on music mentioned in it at all frequently," and "certain of [whose] insights and attitudes assume new life" when subjected to Rosen's "modern critique." And there could be no question of Kerman's high estimate of Tovey's writing; but it turned out to be an esteem in spite of what he considered to be inadequacies and limitations based on conceptual errors.

Tovey's primary belief, said Kerman, was that "everything of esthetic impor-

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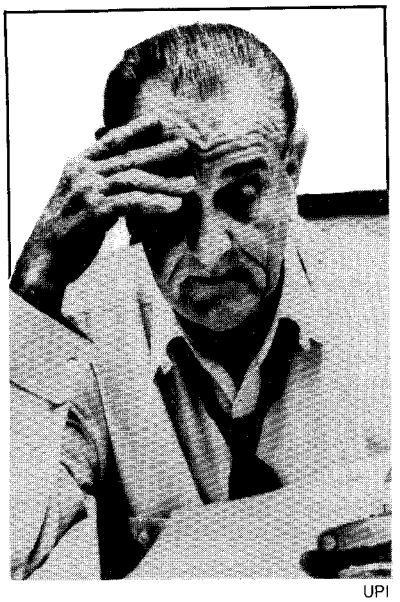

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tance in music lies within the province of his famous 'naive listener'"—the person "with no specific musical training, only a willing ear and a ready sensibility"; and for this listener he wrote as "a 'foreground' analyst . . . an analyst of the rhythmic surface of music." And even when he wrote for professionals "he always assumed that they experienced music on its rhythmic surface. For that is where he considered that its esthetic effects are made, effects that are democratically available to all, irrespective of musical training, and that he assumed to be the central interest of all listeners, whether amateur or professional." But the "modern musical analysis" that is "directed to a strictly professional readership" penetrates below the surface, behind the foreground, to "some sort of background . . .as in Schenker." It was not Schenker whom Kerman quoted for the modern analyst's position as against Tovey's, but Hans Keller (who after the last war began to make the air of the London musical scene hideous with his wide-of-the-mark ponderous ferocities). Tovey's writings, according to Keller,

> *are a symptom of a social tragedy, for they are both a function of the stupidity of his audiences, the musical* nouveaux riches, *and too much of a mere reaction against the unmusicality of his academic forbears. . . . "The pianoforte enters," reports Tovey [concerning the beginning of Mozart's Concerto K.503], "at first with scattered phrases. These quickly settle into a stream of florid melody. . . ." But why are they scattered? How are they scattered? Why are they scattered in the way they are scattered? What, in short, is the compositorial cause of these absolutely unprecedented, utterly "new" triplets?*

("What *is* the moon?" Captain Boyle asks himself in *Juno and the Paycock*. "What *is* the stars?") And Kerman's comment is that "rather than looking backward from the music he described to compositorial causes . . . Tovey looked forward from the music to its esthetic effect"—evidently a deplorable error, though forgivable for a tolerant Kerman.

Reading all this one had to translate; and I translated the "rhythmic surface" Tovey dealt with as what one heard happening in the music, and the things Boretz, Rosen, Keller and their associates disclosed below that surface as what one could not hear.

At this point I felt that I had to investigate the seminar on criticism that I thought had been held at Princeton; and it turned out to have been instead *The Princeton Seminar in Advanced Musical Studies*, published in 1960 as *Problems of Modern Music*, in which I found a paper, *Analysis Today*, by Edward T. Cone of Princeton, that appeared to be the basis of the writing I have been discussing. There was the familiar affirmation that "true analysis works through and for the ear. The greatest analysts (like Schenker at his best) are those with the keenest ears; their insights reveal how a piece of music should be heard, which in turn implies how it should be played." And there was a demonstration of this in the passage in the second movement of Beethoven's Piano Sonata Op. 109 in which—the middle section having quieted down to a final soft chord—the quiet is broken by the vehement opening phrases of the movement that begin the recapitulation of the first section. To the effect of the abrupt dynamic change from soft to loud without a transitional crescendo Beethoven adds the effect of the abrupt harmonic progression of the (soft) chord on the second step of E minor (designated therefore as II sharp) going *directly* to the (loud) chord on the first step (designated as I) without the prescribed transitional chord on the fifth step (V). Beethoven clearly wants the greatest shock effect, for the ear, of the lack of relation between the end of the middle section and the beginning of the recapitulation. But for Cone it was only "from a narrowly descriptive point of view [that] one could call this [omission of V] an ellipsis. . . . Looking ahead, . . . one will find that the first phrase of the recapitulation ends on V, and its consequent on I. The puzzling II sharp, then, only temporarily and apparently resolved by what immediately follows it, actually points ahead in such a way that the whole passage is bound together in a cadential II-V-I." And then, "I need hardly mention the obvious effects of such an analysis on the performance of this passage. Whatever doubts one had as to the proper placing of the main accent in these phrases when they first appeared can now be resolved; the exposition can be reinterpreted . . . in the new light of the recapitulation."

But I, on the contrary, considered it very necessary for Cone to spell out what I found anything but obvious from those summary statements. I needed to be told what was doubtful about the placing of what accent at what point; for I knew of no such doubts: Beethoven's directions seemed to me to leave nothing in doubt. What they made clear to me was that if one obeyed them—if one made the end of the middle section soft and the beginning of the recapitulation loud—one heard not the cadential II-V-I of Cone's analysis but II-I-V-I; and that the only way to make Cone's II-V-I audible to the listener was to reverse Beethoven's directions by emphasizing the final chord of the middle section, subduing the beginning of the first phrase of the recapitulation, and banging out its conclusion—which would produce a monstrous falsification of the music. And if reinterpreting the exposition in the new light of the recapitulation meant falsifying the opening phrase of the exposition in the same way as that of the recapitulation, I needed to be told why.

The unexpected conclusion to all this was provided by a statement of Rosen's to someone who passed it on to me—that "Haggin doesn't know diagrammatic writing. He thinks you have to hear it."

James Lardner on television

The Fight for Law and Order

Can it have been only September when Nick Johnson and his National Citizens Commission for Broadcasting plunged from the clouds to do battle with the powers of network television? How long ago it all seems now, but as Celeste Holm noted of the Broadway theater in *All About Eve*, a season is a lifetime, and a lifetime is a season.

The NCCB task force of Howard University law students spent last fall totting up acts of violence committed on prime-time TV, and in the spring turned their vigilance to all manner of criminal conduct on those same airwaves. The results of both studies were then broken

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down by show, by network and by sponsor. The most violent show of all, we were informed, was something called *The Quest*, with an NCCB rating of 86, while *Mr. T and Tina* and *Mary Tyler Moore* were among 11 shows tied for least violent, with ratings of zero. Violence was defined as the

> *(1)* overt expression of physical force *(with or without weapon) against self or other; and/or*
> *(2)* compelling action against one's will *on pain of being hurt or killed; and/or*
> *(3)* actually hurting or killing. . . . . *it must involve* human or human-like characters . . . *as targets: mere actions aginst property are not violence.*
>
> *Thus the slaughter of the cattle herd in the movie* Hud *is not violence, but the killing of Bambi's mother in the Disney film is . . .*

In its companion study of network criminality, the NCCB team tallied 74 assaults, 61 batteries, 3 blackmails, 5 breaking and enterings, 12 kidnappings, 10 grand larcenies, 10 false imprisonments, 11 first degree murders and 3 second degree murders, each as defined under the California State Penal Code. If the networks were held criminally liable for these offenses (the NCCB offered no opinion on whether they should be), NBC might, we learned, be sentenced to 1485 years in prison, CBS to 1085 years, and ABC to 1063 years—all that for one paltry week of programming.

Within a fortnight of the NCCB's first report, nine of its "most violent sponsors"—General Motors (1), American Motors (3), Sears (4), Kodak (5), Schlitz (6), Procter and Gamble (7), General Foods (8), Burger King (9), and Frito Lay (1)—had identified themselves squarely with the goal of reducing TV violence (and Whitehall Labs, No. 2, fell into step a few days later). At ABC, NBC and CBS, the word was soon out that violence was out, for '77-'78 and presumably beyond; in an April 13th internal memo, *Variety* reported, CBS took the producers of *Hawaii Five-O* to task over an upcoming script—the network "would seriously question the need for the five bodies to be 'buried waist-deep in the ash, upper bodies upright.'" In sum, the campaign spearheaded by Mr. Johnson and the NCCB had blossomed abruptly into perhaps the most successful public service movement since prohibition.

The movers and shakers of commercial TV were not the only folks moved and shaken by the NCCB assault. An enterprising Florida lawyer, Ellis Rubin, was inspired to argue a defense of "prolonged, intense, involuntary, subliminal television intoxication" on behalf of a client charged with robbery and murder, followed by a weekend at Disney World; "Television," declared Rubin, "affected his mental and emotional processes, diseasing his mind and impairing his behavioral controls."

Others drew a different moral from the NCCB's amazing success—that the networks and their sponsors, formidable and remote as they appear, can, with proper tactics and weaponry, be taken. The Gay Activists Alliance was no match for Anita Bryant at the polls in Miami, but Anita was badly outclassed when it came time to decide whether NBC would launch her new variety show. (It wouldn't.) A coalition of fundamentalists prevailed upon General Motors not to sponsor an Italian-made biography of Jesus over the Easter holidays, and many of the same churches have more lately been nudging sponsors away from ABC's fall series *Soap*, anticipating a new age in sexual highjinks on the home screen. (Frederick Pierce, President of ABC, has predicted confidently that the show "will not be as offensive as some of these groups imagine," but he has declined to say just how offensive it will be.)

Soap's enemies raised their stink without having witnessed the object of their ire—they weren't allowed. NBC, in contrast, has thrown out the olive branch to the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy and his compatriots over a forthcoming TV biography of Martin Luther King. The script has been passed around like a reefer on Saturday night, and old-time King associates have even been asked to have a look at portions of the finished product. Some of these associates claim a powerful dislike for what they have seen (not to mention read and heard), particularly for the amount of time the TV King spends hanging out with whitey, and for perceived flaws in his messianic character. The Rev. Hosea Williams has attacked the film as "an attempt by a small clique of Jews—not all Jews, mind you—to economically exploit the life of Dr. King." Jesse Jackson, more temperately, fears that "what's being created is a desecration of his witness and sacrifice, an unconscionable abridgment of a vital chapter in American history." Jackson suggests that NBC can set things right even at this late hour, if it will "convene all the living sources that have not been consulted."

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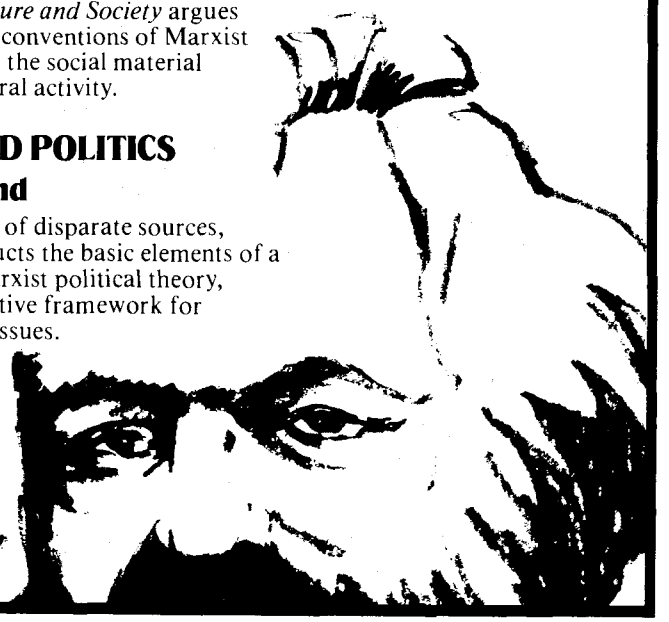

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Presumably these luminaries will then retire to some unused soundstage, knock heads for a couple of hours, and pound out a proper script.

Twenty-five years ago, when the medium was young, every show had its own sponsor whose control was unlimited (or, at best, self-limited). The sponsor's name was frequently built into the show's name (*The Colgate Comedy Hour, Voice of Firestone*), and the commercials were frequently built into the show proper (Gertrude Berg would turn from her breakfast table, ignite that magnificent universal mother smile of hers, and deliver an aside on the therapeutic qualities of Sanka: "I really believe," she would confide, "that the Sanka coffee gets into the disposition, and even if it costs a penny this way or a penny that way, it's nonconsequential . . . If it wasn't for Sanka I'd be a wreck of my former self.") In those days it was a cinch for any organization with two or more members and the price of a three-cent stamp to arrange for some pinko actor to be hit with a pink slip—all that was required was to alert the sponsor to the hazards of the situation.

Soap (ABC), a "continuing adult character comedy series."

The threat of consumer boycott usually lay crouching in the background of those early lobbying efforts, but two decades later it has yet to be demonstrated that consumers will actually withhold their coin over the content or staffing of a TV show. Just the same, sponsors and network executives tend, as ever, to operate on the theory that a life free of threats entirely is preferable to subjecting oneself even to the empty variety.

In the '50s and '60s, as the TV audience multiplied, and advertising grew more costly, the "alternate sponsor" came into being, followed by multiple sponsorship, and by and by advertisers began booking time with only a casual glance at the particular show or shows on which their commercials would appear. All this made it much stickier for outsiders to influence programming decisions in the traditional fashion, and for a while they stopped trying. For the "creative people" (a phrase loosely employed to describe TV writers, directors and producers), this meant an unexpected era of autonomy, in which they would click their heels to one master and one master only—the Neilsen ratings.

Mr. Johnson and the NCCB have now brought that brief epoch to a crashing finish. They have shown that the old machinery remains workable and, when worked, most effective. Whether we should be grateful or appalled by this reaffirmation is a question each of us must resolve in his own way (although it seems only right that our deliberations should be guided by the quality of the new TV season, upon which the NCCB has exercised so profound an influence).

I would like, however, to acquaint you with another study, not so widely publicized as the NCCB's but every bit as rife with implications. Conducted by Per Diem, Inc., a small Washington consulting firm, this study is concerned with "Heartwarming Moments on Commercial Television," a Heartwarming Moment (or HWM) being defined as a soft embrace, a gesture of charity, or simply a good cry. During a single week of prime-time, Per Diem's task force of Akkadian majors from Prince George's County Community College came across 41,356 HWMs on the combined three networks, or approximately 2000 times the number of crimes, if you accept (as I do) the NCCB data. One program—*Roots* on ABC—set the record with 519 HWMs per half-hour (closely trailed by *The Waltons* on CBS, with 508), though it ought to be acknowledged that the researchers lost count once or twice during scenes of mass hugging and crying. All told, the team concluded that the men, women and children who people the airwaves, while sometimes given to fits of violence, cruelty and even outright criminality, are also (by and large) more generous, more tenderhearted and more solicitous of the welfare of others than the average real-life American.

These findings, as it happens, accord with my own thinking. A TV program is the most compact form of drama around, but not otherwise so very extraordinary. The live theater, after all, has long been enamored of violent subject matter. Were the Bacchae any less brutal than Charley's Angels? Was Titus Andronicus less sadistic than Starsky and Hutch? Of course not. The difference is that in the course of an evening, if so disposed, we can watch two or three *Barettas* with Robert Blake and his bird stomping on the scum of the slums, while Greek or Elizabethan playgoers (besides being less numerous) were lucky to catch one such rousing entertainment a month. I don't claim to have diagnosed the precise harm done to American youth by large helpings of nighttime commercial TV, but whatever it is, I suspect the damage derives as much from the quantity consumed as the quality. I can think of no other form of passive entertainment which, indulged in so massively, would fail to do

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its audience comparable psychological injury.

In any event, we will be seeing fewer cops and fewer hooligans (and fewer cop-hooligans) on the air this fall. Oddly enough, the networks have not had to jettison any barn-burners in order to effect this metamorphosis. Of the 10 programs rated as most violent by the NCCB, only *Baretta* was in the top 10 on the '76-'77 Neilsen charts; and four (*Delvecchio, The Quest, Serpico* and *Baa Baa Black Sheep*) fared poorly enough to earn strictly business-minded cancellations. Indeed, the move away from police and private-eye shows was underway well before the NCCB got into the act, led (as everything on TV has been led lately) by ABC, which leaped ahead of the competition with a new line of nostalgic comedies and shows about robots. (One of the reasons, I suspect, why ABC came in a poor third in the NCCB study of prime-time criminality is that *their* crimes so often involve robot victims or perpetrators—or both—and robots are not covered by the California State Penal Code. ABC, you will recall, was the network so taken with the idea of a series about an android police officer that it actually spawned two such efforts last season—*Holmes and Yoyo*, which placed 83rd in the autumn Neilsens, and *Futurecop*, which tied for 70th in the spring.)

But what might have been an orderly retreat away from the more inane of the shoot-em-ups has, spurred by the NCCB and its dog-soldiers, become a frantic rout. The networks are now fully as desperate for an attractive violence-substitute as are the manufacturers of diet sodas for a new artificial sweetener. There are hints in '76-'77 that the new miracle ingredient might be the super-natural, what with *The Fantastic Journey, The Man From Atlantis, Gemini Man, Wonder Woman,* and the ABC-NBC bionic fiefdom. And I have it on good authority that one network is now planning a series about a detective who happens to be a warlock, and whose daughter is a full-fledged witch. There's no telling what sort of demons and psychics may be hanging out their shingles by '78-'79—perhaps somebody will revive *My Mother, The Car*. It is about then that I expect to see a massive grass roots movement, with Mr. Johnson undoubtedly back at the helm, against occult phenomena during prime-time.

Michael A. Ullman on jazz

Pepper and Gordon

Art Pepper and Dexter Gordon are saxophonists in their fifties who have reasserted their talents in the last year. Each made a career in the wake of Charlie Parker, and each has been in the news recently: Dexter Gordon because he has toured the United States several times after a decade of living abroad, and Art Pepper because he has started a new jazz life, recording in 1975 for the first time in over 15 years, and touring with a quartet to a limited number of clubs. Both men are playing as well as they ever did, which means just about as well as it is possible to play.

Dexter Gordon is a tall, handsome, confident man with a cavernous baritone voice that he uses sparingly and a boyish grin that is as disarming as his general demeanour is imposing. When he returned to the American club scene from Copenhagen, Gordon was immediately able to present his music to large crowds and an excited press. Hailed as a patriarch of bop who had mastered the later innovations of John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins, the tenor saxophonist was recorded by Columbia Records during his first New York engagement.

Gordon is generally credited as being the first tenor player to incorporate adequately the style of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk. Since his tone was less expansive then that of Coleman Hawkins and his rhythm more insistent than that of Lester Young, Dexter was able to use the new harmonic sense and intricate rhythms of bebop, forging a powerful, aggressive style of his own. Where Lester Young might linger (and in later years languish) behind the best in a tantalizing fashion, and where Charlie Parker would display his virtuosity in tense ripples of sound, Dexter Gordon solos with a heavy, aggressive but flexible beat, rocking with a steady roll, as the blues lyric puts it. While he is an emotional player whose uptempo blues performances are intense and imposing, he is never hysterical—he maintains a level of detachment which allows him to quote "Here Comes the Bride" in the middle of an otherwise strikingly committed chorus. And when he honks, he honks with decorum, if such a thing can be imagined. Not surprisingly, some of Dexter Gordon's most satisfying creations over the years have been tenor saxophone battles, where two men alternate solos and trade phrases in a form that can resemble a polite parlor game or a gruesome downhome rumble.

Before emerging as a star in the bebop movement, Gordon was apprenticed in Lionel Hampton's band for three years, where he was second tenor beneath Illinois Jacquet (who taught him how to honk); for three weeks he was in a late Fletcher Henderson congregation (which must have taught him how not to run a band); and finally for a short time in 1944 he played in Louis Armstrong's big band. There is a bootleg record of this band in which Armstrong sings a chorus of "Ain't Misbehavin'" and then announces archly, "Brother Dexter." Dexter obliges with a solo that is rhythmically stiff and that contains audible signs of Illinois Jacquet's influence.

Playing with bands not necessarily congenial to his style, Gordon welcomed the discipline required of a member of a reed section. The Dexter Gordon who recorded the next year with Billy Eckstine's big band in 1945 is completely in control. His solo on Mr. B's "Lonesome Lover Blues" is supple and fluent, with several odd harmonic twists near the beginning which add tension to an elegant performance. This performance is available on a two record album of Billy Eckstine's big band sessions (Arista/Savoy 22147).

Soon Gordon was recording regularly with his own groups for Savoy Records. All his Savoy recordings have been reissued on Arista-Savoy 2211. This is the record to start with if one wants to understand Dexter's importance and hear some of his freshest, most cap-

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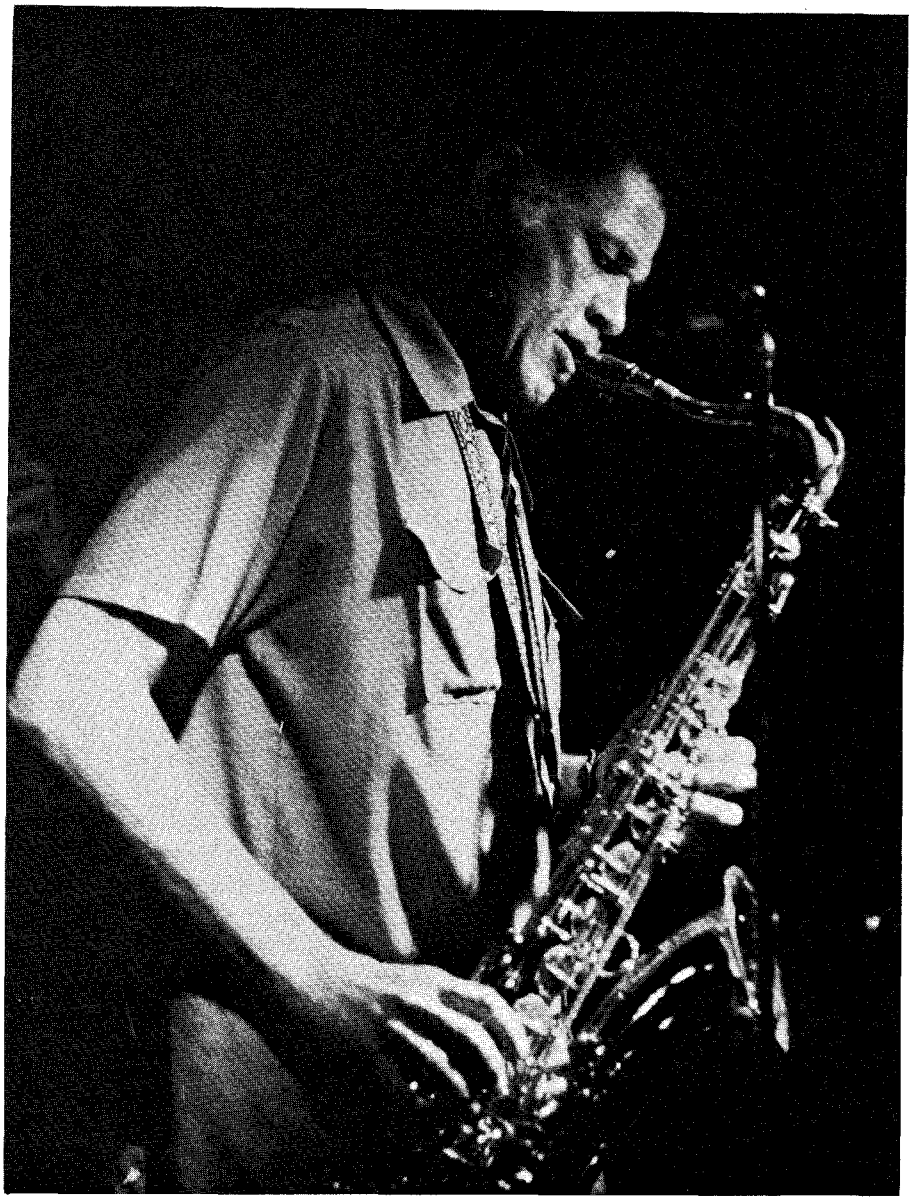

Photo of Dexter Gordon by Michael Ullman

tivating work. Most of the Savoy cuts are simple riff tunes which allow Dexter and such accompanists as Bud Powell and Art Blakey to play with a minimum of arrangement and with no affectation.

Partially because of his problems with heroin, and partially because of the temporary popularity of the "cool" style in jazz, Gordon did not produce much in the '50s. But he started recording again in the early '60s for Bluenote and then for Prestige. On a session recorded in Paris, he was joined by Bud Powell, the increasingly strange and emotionally removed bop pianist, whose psychological problems severely interfered with his playing in the early '60s. When Powell could not learn Gordon's new tunes, the group decided to play jazz classics such as "Scrapple From the Apple": the result was some of the best of Bud Powell's playing in the last part of his life, and a set of spirited Gordon performances (*Our Man in Paris*, Bluenote 84146).

In the '60s, Gordon absorbed the influences of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, younger men who were once influenced by his work: it is like getting interest on your capital, he told me. But he remains his own master: Gordon does not leave the silent spaces in his solos that Sonny Rollins's odd rhythmic sense demands; neither does he follow Coltrane's tendency towards placidly long-lined tunes with spiritual overtones. On ballads, Gordon broadens his tone, but maintains a rhythmic approach, quoting other tunes wittily, and often building volume and speed until he rounds the performance off with an eloquent solo coda.

Dexter's sudden popularity is due mainly to his own skills but partially to the fact that many younger tenor players are attempting to follow Coltrane's style without possessing his spiritual force, while Sonny Rollins is playing something like rock ("Sonny Rollins is a complex man," Gordon told me when I asked him how he liked this style). There are two new albums by Gordon: *Homecoming* (Columbia PG-94650), featuring the saxophonist with the hard-bopping Woody Shaw group; and *True Blue* (Xanadu 136), a jam session with Al Cohn and Blue Mitchell.

While Gordon's music suggests the man's power and confidence, that of alto saxophonist Art Pepper suggests an underlying fragility; Pepper's ballads are elusive and economical at the same time that they can be achingly beautiful. Because Pepper is diffident where Gordon is committed, it is surprising that it is possible both could be having a resurgence of popularity. But it is revealing that Pepper's career seems doomed to be more modest than that of Gordon, who is planning a concert in the huge Avery Fisher Hall. Dexter Gordon strides onto a stage, and his handsome six-foot frame creates an excitement by itself. On the other hand, in a recent performance in a Boston nightclub, Art Pepper peered into the darkened room, and apologized for the suit he was wearing. He hadn't been east in over a decade, and when he was there last, everyone wore suits. Despite his wife's assurances that he looked cute, Art used his break between sets to run back to his hotel room: he reappeared in a hip blue tee shirt, adorned with puffy white clouds and a mountain scene. No one had the heart to tell him he was pure California.

Like all alto saxophonists who matured in the '50s, Art Pepper was influenced at first by Charlie Parker. In a recently reissued Stan Kenton performance recorded in 1947, Pepper solos in almost pure Parker style, in short flurries of notes, irregularly but confidently accented *Harlem Holiday* on Creative World ST 1078). But it was impossible to compete with Parker, and many musicians turned to a cooler style, restricting the exuberance of their rhythm sections and concentrating on interesting, often counterpointed, statements of melody on an expanded instrumentation. While Miles Davis was laboring to give birth to the cool, padding his band with tubas and French horns, Art Pepper created in 1951 a small masterpiece with a Shorty Rogers group on "Over the Rainbow." The sentiment associated with this tune is dispelled by the rather sour melody statement of John Graas's French horn; Art Pepper opposes his bittersweet, thin alto sound in the higher register to the

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lower brass sounds of the accompaniment in a solo that is alternately hesitant and eloquent, oblique and emotional.

As he readily admits, Art Pepper has spent over a decade of his life behind bars, the result of several narcotics-related convictions. Whereas Dexter produced little in the '50s, the '60s was Art Pepper's wasted decade. He recorded several fine albums for the west coast label Contemporary in and around 1960, but then disappeared. Thanks to recent reissues, we can now conveniently follow his career. Savoy/Arista SJL 2215 has four cuts he made in a Los Angeles studio in 1952, and the recently issued *Early Show* (Xanadu 108) contains a privately recorded informal session of the same year. *Early Art* (Bluenote LA 591-H2), a collection of sessions from the middle '50s, includes a version of "Yardbird Suite." Pepper states the theme delicately, beginning his chorus without the flurry of blues-oriented notes we would expect from Parker himself, and he maintains an even swing and an even temper throughout. Of the Contemporary albums of the '60s, my favorite is *Intensity* (S7607), with its emphasis on ballads and hits of the '30s, such as "I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me."

Out of prison in the late '60s Pepper went through a period in which he was so heavily influenced by Coltrane that he lost touch with his own strenghts. As he says in the liner notes to his 1975 recordings: "At the breaks people came over to talk to me. Most of them were very upset. Someone said, 'Man, what happened to Art Pepper? Where's the beauty?'" Luckily, the beauty was back in his music by the time he recorded each of his last two albums, *Living Legend* and *The Trip* (Contemporary S7633 and S7638). On these records Pepper demonstrates that, like Gordon, he has managed to absorb the influences of younger musicians into his mature conceptions. Now, Pepper may venture outside the normal chord patterns or include a furious passage of doubletime or occasional squeaks in his solos.

Art Pepper's career is back on course, but his own commentary makes his return seem almost accidental. These records would not have been made if other people, friends and fellow musicians, had not acted to get Art Pepper back into the musical world. The performances justify their faith. Pepper is more versatile now than ever before: on *Living Legend* he plays "Here's That Rainy Day," but also a samba he wrote himself, and a funky blues he calls "What Laurie Likes." Pepper's compositions come directly from his life. He wrote "Lost Life" in prison when he thought all was over for him, and in "The Trip" he recalls the phrase prisoners use when asking a story from one of their number—take me on a trip, one will call to another.

Given his story, it is not surprising that Art Pepper's music is most convincing when it is most melancholy. But Pepper has shown his ability to stay alive as a musician as well as a man: how many men would continue to compose in prison? Now, he asserts, he feels better than he has since he was a kid (narcotics are bad for your health), and he is more optimistic than ever about his career. I heard Art Pepper's wife say about the photograph on the cover of *Living Legend*, "That's the real Art." In this photo, he is standing with his back to the wall, in a cutoff sweatshirt (Texas Lutheran College) which bares his tattooed arms—the tattoos include a death's head and a tragic mask, which I hope suggest bravado rather than morbidity. Art Pepper is a tough guy, and he will get by if his current optimism proves unfounded. But as his music demonstrates, Pepper's toughness is combined with a vulnerability that is both important to his art and dangerous for him to sustain. Art Pepper is playing with more emotion than previously, and his style is as appealing as ever. Still, while one is confident about Dexter Gordon's future, one wonders if Art Pepper will find the audience he deserves: a pessimist might say he stands a ghost of a chance.

Photo of Art Pepper by Michael Ullman

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Books Considered

The Silmarillion
by J.R.R. Tolkien

(Houghton Mifflin; $10.95)

I know it seems like a pipsqueak confession to make in these days of Carlos and the FALN, but I once burgled a house. I opened a window and stepped inside and there I was, my heart in my mouth and my ears filled with the distant whine of dozens of stern Methodist ancestors spinning in their graves like turbines. The owner of the house had made a terrible mistake. He'd loaned me the first volume of J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. Then he'd locked his place up with the second volume inside and gone off for the weekend. I was a desperate man.

As a rule, knights in armor seldom fail to leave me utterly cold. Galahad has always impressed me as being a real twerp, and Launcelot and Guinevere have got to be the greatest one-problem couple of all time—a pair of otherwise insufferably perfect people with this little problem that they keep around like a pet cat. (I mean, you never hear of Launcelot taking cold showers, do you?) Arthur and especially Mordred, the Douglas Dumbrille of Camelot, are more to my taste, in that they at least resemble human beings who behave more or less the way you and I would if we were to find ourselves plumped down in the middle of the bunch of poseurs, bullies, and musclebound bumpkins who made up the fellowship of the Round Table. (Merlin is something else again. Wizards are neat.) I'm a pretty small-potatoes chap, myself, the sort of fellow who is easily foiled by the cap on a medicine bottle, and if anyone took it into his head to wave a sword in my direction, I'm reasonably certain I would have to sit down. Herein lies part of the peculiar fascination of Tolkien's hobbits.

Tolkien's hobbits were scared silly. Through no fault of their own, they found themselves saddled with the absolutely crazy job of destroying the Ring of Power in the Cracks of Doom in the heart of the Enemy's stronghold, and they didn't have the first idea of how to go about it. They did it anyway, and it hurt.

The trouble with your usual hero of song and story isn't just that he's usually a real pain in the neck, what with his sense of destiny and higher purpose. The trouble with your usual hero is that he's horribly dangerous to have around. It has never ceased to amaze me that Odysseus's crew didn't rise as one man and hire a decent navigator, but they didn't, and none of them ever came back. Odysseus did, though. Not only that, but he celebrated his return by murdering his wife's houseguests. Sometimes I think the only reason heroes are supposed to be such hot stuff is because nobody ever bothered to take a poll of their employees and other victims. True, eventually they have to pay the price, but this invariably occurs upon a plain of slaughter where the hero goes to his death rejoicing, sanctifying the triumph with his blood, while elsewhere his faithful helots are getting bowled over like ninepins. Hobbit heroes, by contrast, are small and narrowminded folk who enjoy birthday parties and genealogy and a well-tended countryside and a good meal under their belts, and they desire nothing so much in the world as to be left alone in the pursuit of these simple pleasures. They make mistakes, they have no special powers, and if they are not fed they become hungry. They are Tolkien's tribute to the British common soldier, and by introducing them into a bedtime story told to his children, he inadvertently rediscovered one of the most potent elements of myth: that the heroism of someone who has everything to lose is the only heroism that matters, demonstrating Frank O'Connor's dictum that you only have morals when you discover that you have something you will die for rather than surrender.

Consider, too, the wondrous but peculiarly coherent world Tolkien invented as the setting of his tale, with its tree shepherds, the Ents (their leader, Treebeard, modelled on his friend, C.S. Lewis); its wizards; its dwarves; its elf kindreds, mankind perfected and deathless; the city of Gondor in the last days of its pride, holding the bridge at Osgiliath against an evil it can only begin to comprehend; the Rohirrim, horsemen who come from beyond the edge of hope in a black hour; and the resonant legends of a yet older time and a greater purpose than we can quite perceive. It is these legends, hinted at but never fully disclosed, that give the *Lord of the Rings* much of its unique texture, just as the fascination with the power of the wizard Gandalf and the sorcery of the Enemy, Sauron, rests precisely in the fact that we never really know of what that power and sorcery consist. The fall of Numenor and the coming of the White Tree, the rise of Morgoth and the return of his lieutenant, Sauron, are the tantalizing and enduring echoes of a history that exists as surely as the laws of physics and that makes the magic of the present quest not only commonplace but possible.

C.S. Lewis said that Tolkien had been "inside language," and so he had, in a way remarkable to himself. Both as an orphaned boy and later as an eminent philologist and Merton Professor of English at Oxford, he had been intrigued by the sound of words—he once said that cellardoor, divorced from its meaning, was one of the most beautiful in the vocabulary—and had made a hobby of inventing languages, basing them first on Spanish, then on Welsh, and finally on Finnish. But a language, even an invented one, is nothing without the culture of which it is the restless mirror, and Tolkien was led deeper into a thicket of his own devising; the *Silmarillion* and especially the *Lord of the Rings* were the final result, with the melodious Sindarin and Quenya of the elves, the secret tongue of the dwarves, and the Westron of men as much defining the kindreds who speak them as they are defined by them.

It happened suddenly. Before the First World War, the young Tolkien was no better than the average Oxonian poetic dabbler and quite a lot worse than many. It was not until he lay at Great Haywood in 1917, recovering from the mad crucible of the Somme where he had seen an entire generation of Englishmen vanish into the mud, that the design sprang into his mind. He intended it to be "a body of more or less connected legend" that he would "dedicate simply: to England; to my country. It should possess the tone and quality that I desired, somewhat cool and clear, be redolent of our 'air' (the clime and soil of the North West, meaning Britain and the hither parts of Europe; not Italy or the Aegean, still less the East), and while possessing (if I could achieve it) the fair elusive beauty that some call Celtic (though it is rarely found in genuine Celtic things), it should be 'high', purged of the gross, and fit for the more adult

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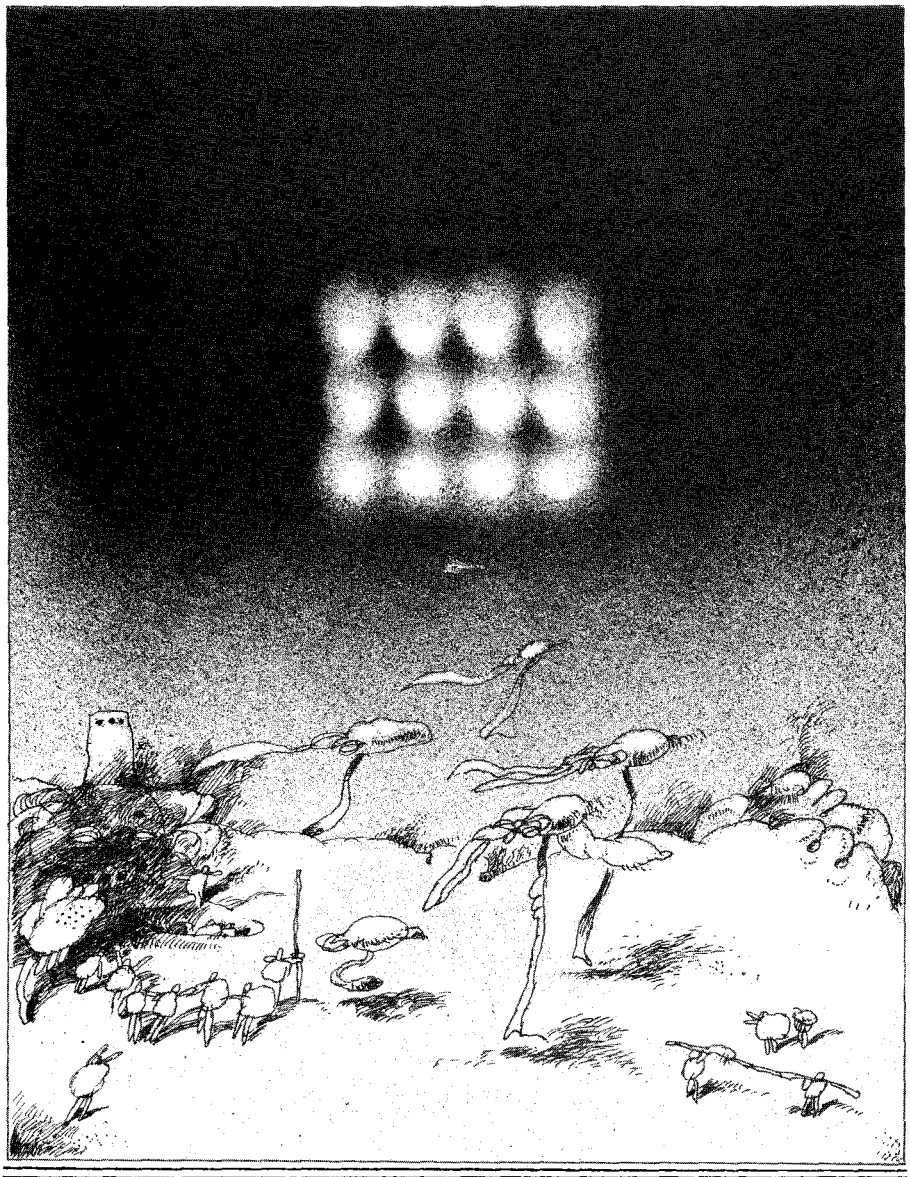
mind of a land long steeped in poetry." It would be more: it would be Tolkien's definitive answer to the horrors wrought by the tenacious stupidity of General Sir Douglas Haig and his ilk. It would reaffirm that the earth, though sadly marred, was yet a place of singular beauty and grace, beloved by a God who makes all death meaningful. At first he called it the *Book of Lost Tales*. Later he retitled it *The Silmarillion*. He worked on it for the rest of his long life. It has now been published as edited by his son, Christopher, together with three related tales, the *Ainulindale, Valaquenta*, and *Akallabeth*, and the usual maps, genealogical tables, pronunciation guide, and glossary of names.

It comes as an enormous letdown to discover that Tolkien spent all those decades laboring over something very much akin to the *Book of Mormon*. It begins with a Creation myth, in which God, variously called Eru and Iluvatar, calls forth a great music from his angels, some of whom are known as the Valar, and thus invents the universe. At the center of the scheme is the earth, or Arda, where the Valar (who, like the sub-deities in C. S. Lewis's *Perelandra* trilogy, resemble the Greco-Roman pantheon) take up residence in the role of guardians. Needless to say, Eru has big things planned for Arda. The fly in the ointment is a Vala named Melkor (later travelling under the name of Morgoth), who does his best to make a hash of things, gets in everybody's way, and generally makes a first rate pest of himself. Melkor's abiding vice is ambition; to put it in modern terms, he is a sort of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and the rest of the Valar are the trust-busters. I won't go into details—for countless eons Melkor and his enemies roll back and forth across Arda like Godzilla and the Japanese army, smashing mountains and raising a rumpus. Iluvatar takes advantage of one of the rare lulls to create the elves; later he seizes on a similar break in the action and manufactures men. This proves to be a big mistake. Iluvatar thinks men and elves are the best idea he ever had, but in actuality they are nothing but one headache after another. First the elves distill the light of the two great trees of Arda and encompass it within three jewels called the Silmarils. Then Melkor-Morgoth and a big spider kill the trees. Then the elves, in a snit, refuse to give the damn jewels back, but it doesn't matter because Melkor has stolen them anyway. For reasons that make rather less sense than one would like, the renegade elves (but not the Valar) form a posse and pursue the thief to Middle Earth, thus earning themselves semi-permanent banishment from the sort of Mount Olympus where everybody has been dwelling in suburban contentment. It is a couple of thousand years before everything gets straightened out; and, friends, it seems like it. A couple of thousand years, I mean. But wait. There's more. No sooner has everyone hung up his lance and buffet and begun to toast his feet before the fire, than men get it into their heads that mortality isn't such a good idea after all, form an invasion fleet, hit the beaches on the shore of the Deathless Land, and. . .

Is anybody following this? I'm not, and I'm writing it down. If the whole thing sounds like a cross between Joseph Smith and L. Ron Hubbard as conceived by S.J. Perleman, don't blame me; when you try to play in the same league with Milton and the King James Version, you have to own a hardball or you don't qualify. The book, moreover, is narrated in an elevated style that has the effect of making the action appear to take place at the bottom of an enormous teacup. There is no immediacy about it and still less mystery; all the characters are 37 feet tall and live for a million years and you can rest assured that if things really get out of hand, Daddy in the form of Eru-Iluvatar will put down his pipe and lend an omnipotent hand. I realize that the editor has been forced to choose between many different versions, both in prose and poetry, and difficult com-



Drawing by Salvador Bru

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promises have doubtless been made. Nevertheless, the book is little more than a weak gloss on Tolkien's infinitely more mature later work, and so it should be read, if at all; indeed, much of the material is included in the appendices of *Lord of the Rings* in condensed and more intriguing form. Its publication now, especially when accompanied by such unbridled enthusiasm on the part of the industry, is not only questionable but is bound to lead many of Tolkien's admirers to grave disappointment. Noble intentions do not necessarily produce a noble work. Perhaps the opposite is more often true than otherwise.

L.J. Davis

L.J. Davis, novelist and critic, is the author of *Walking Small.*

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The Pessimism of Thomas Hardy: A Social Study by G.W. Sherman

(Fairleigh Dickinson Press; $22.50)

Of books, articles, and trivia about Hardy, the publishing shows no sign of either armistice or cessation. Fifty years after his death, he is among the most-written-about authors. Shakespeare tops him six to one, but no other writer has had more published about him. Is it because he is liable, readily, to one-sided interpretation: Webster's dubious meliorist, Millgate's determined careerist, Gitting's hankerer after respectability, Brennecke's and Harwood's illustrator of Schopenhauer? In his late poem, "So Various," Hardy showed he thought himself a good deal more complicated than the reviewers of his novels and poems believed him to be during his lifetime. In it he describes a man "highly-strung . . . of manner cold . . . a lover fickle and staunch as a dunce. . . . [an apparent] seer . . . a man of sadness . . . a man so glad/you never could conceive him sad . . . a slow man," an enterprising man, a forgetful man, a man easy to take offence:

Now . . . all these specimens of man
So various in their pith and plan
Curious to say
Were one man. Yea,
I was all they.

Thomas Hardy by Jack Coughlin

Hardy's critics, in their representative or misrepresenting abstractions, have outdone his own assessment of his simplifiable complexity. Their abstractions of what he was and their interpretations of what he intended would probably have amused him more than many of them thought he could be. Perhaps—because of course he knew the story of Tristram and Iseult—he might wonder if he combined the six strands Julian Moynahan believes combine in *Jude.* Did his subconscious, on the most fundamental of the levels Moynahan gives a student credit for, see Jude as Tristram, Sue and Arabella as the two Iseults, Phillotson as King Mark? Since he did not pretend, as his preface to *Wessex Poems* states, that his work possessed "cohesion of thought or harmony of colouring" (a protest he repeated again and again against those who labelled him) and believed what he wrote recorded humbly "diverse readings of . . . phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change," and never pretended to explain (except defensively) or understand his own creative process, he might agree with Moynahan and his student as Hemingway once did with Robert Penn Warren about his essay on *A Farewell to Arms,* though Hemingway was surprised to discover he meant as much as Warren found. Hardy might even agree that Henchard is like Saul, Farfrae like David in *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* the novel Moynahan chooses to represent Hardy in his generally admirable *Portable Thomas Hardy.* Writers simplify representatively; critics over-simplify; reviewers over-over-simplify.

I suppose I am deprecating sacreligiously a kind of archtypical criticism. I find it interesting and oversubtle. Freud and Jung and Fraser see deeper than I do. Moynahan's *Portable Thomas Hardy* is as good a 758

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page introduction as one could hope for. Apart from the flurry into architypicalism I am troubled by, Moynahan's general introduction to his anthology is excellent, his short introduction to the seven short stories he selects admirable—nearly all writers about Hardy have neglected most of his short stories because they do not fit their simplification. Though I prefer other novels to *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, possibly because I spent so much time reading and editing it, few critics would deny its representative excellence or the cogency of most of what Moynahan says about it. The selection of Hardy's poems in *The Portable*, though of course I regret the exclusion of some (Hardy said he published all his poems because he could not make a selection) is more catholic than that of Ransom and several others. I wish there were more of *The Dynasts*, but those pages he includes may send readers to what may be the best long poem since *Paradise Lost*. The selections from Hardy's critical and sociological and personal writings—notably "Candour in English Fiction," "The Dorsetshire Labourer," and parts of Hardy's autobiography he published under his second wife's name—are included and well introduced. Not as good as Malcolm Cowley's *Portable Faulkner*, it is still a good book to introduce the general reader to Hardy, a book specialists will find valuable too.

G.W. Sherman's *The Pessimism of Thomas Hardy: A Social Study*, contains eccentricities in form, exclusiveness of bibliography, and foot-noting that will dismay devotees of the PMLA stylebook. But, substantially, it is as interesting a book about Hardy as has appeared. Sherman, who knows the 19th century's underside as well as Marx and Engels, quotes Marx and Engels almost as plentifully as he quotes Hardy. He does not claim Hardy illustrated 19th or 20th century economics and sociology as the Communist philosophers presented them. Still, as his epigraph from *The Dynasts*, "The Pale pathetic people still plod on/Through hoodwinkings to light," forecasts, he does see Hardy and the Marxists as parallel to one another. The quotation sounds rather as though it parallels Sandburg's lines about "the learning, blundering people," though it is sufficiently somber to suggest Hardy's kind of "pessimism."

As Sherman sees Hardy's bias, from the beginning it was antibourgeois, socialistic in its sympathy for the disinherited in city and country. He gives (and sometimes exaggerates) evidence that Hardy empathized with the underprivileged in England and elsewhere. He pays particular attention to Hardy's first (and unpublished) novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady* which Carl Weber artfully reconstructed and to Hardy's "The Dorsetshire Labourer" that states explicitly his sympathy with Joseph Arch's efforts to improve the conditions of the rural poor the progress of industrialism made worse, to the similarity between Marx and Engels' condemnation of capitalism and Hardy's (half-conscious?) illustration of the wrongs it brought. These wrongs—the partial good they did by maintaining the poors' healthy ignorance of progress as its own reward and the ill the consequent material squalor accentuated—Sherman shows convincingly in two-thirds of what he has to say about the fiction and the poems, most convincingly in what he writes about *The Dynasts*, the most international anti-imperialistic work of our century. It is better than Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Sherman argues, because it shows what the people thought and felt rather than talks about it from the point of view of a sympathetic aristocrat as Tolstoi did in the long essays with which he interrupted the action.

Many will be put off by Sherman's constant juxtaposition of what Marx documented and Hardy dramatized. I think Sherman's interpretation should be taken very seriously. The various and variable Hardy undoubtedly was, as all writers who elude our question are, accurately but abstractly, what many critics have presumed in their similarly illuminating books. What Sherman says about *The Dynasts* should be taken with particular seriousness. *The Dynasts* is not, as some have seen it, a patriotic epic that celebrates England's determined opposition to Napoleon. Rather, it is about "Imperialism's face/And the International wrong," to quote Auden's "September 1, 1939." *The Pessimism of Thomas Hardy*, like Robert Gitting's magnificently scholarly (and too dispassionate?) *The Young Thomas Hardy*, is faulty, as all books which emanate from a fired and partial view are. But perhaps Sherman forces feeling thought more than Gittings does. No writer as various and passionate as Hardy can be written about unimpeachably. Hardy does not abide our question; we think we have him under the net only to discover that he's out from under. Sherman's book adds importantly to what one dreams may become someday a definitive book that will never be permanently definitive any more than the last best book about Shakespeare is. Hardy and Shakespeare are both so various that they will continue to demand trivial, conventional, important incomplete books that try to define them as long as they are read.

Harvey Curtis Webster

Harvey Curtis Webster, professor emeritus of English at the University of Louisville, is the author of *After the Trauma* (Univ. of Kentucky Press).

The Fake's Progress: Being the Cautionary History of the Master Painter and Simulator Mr Tom Keating, as Recounted with the Utmost Candor without Fear or Favor to Mr Frank Norman, together with a Dissertation upon the Traffic in Works of Art by Mrs Geraldine Norman.

(Hutchinson of London; £5.50)

There's a story to be found in the folklore of practically every people about an imposter—he may be called the False Prophet of Herat, the Hyena Who Set Up For A Saint, or the Wizard of Oz—who's beloved of the multitudes just because he's such a consummate liar. Even when he cuts the fancy stuff and admits he's a shyster they only love him more. The latest avatar of this mythic culture-hero is a small, grizzled cockney called Tom Keating. True to type, Tom appeared in the marketplace last year and confessed—much to the delight of the crowd—that he'd perpetrated a giant hoax. The marketplace, in this latest

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reenactment of the age-old tale, was Fleet Street, in particular *The Times*, which Tom had supplied with scoops all during August, 1976; the swindle was picture-faking; the crowd, the art crowd.

Confession, it seems, is Tom's new line: now Hutchinson's has brought out his story, "as told to Frank Norman," together with a narrative essay on art forgery by Geraldine Norman, *The Times'* saleroom correspondent. (The book has been published in the nick of time: Tom, along with the antique dealer Lionel Evans, has just been arrested for fraud and released on five thousand pounds bail.) What led to his exposure was a suggestion, in the form of a letter to *The Times*, that a certain number of "Samuel Palmers" up for sale at auction in and around London were phony. Mrs. Norman turned sleuth, and when she began to get hot Tom wrote a letter to *The Times* disclosing that he had done the bogus Palmers—and about two thousand other fakes—as a way of "getting my own back on dealers who exploit people." A week later he came out in the open and entertained the press.

The next step, of course, was for the past master-faker to do an autobiography: having unmasked himself—how else could he get to be a star?—the impersonator of Boudin, Degas, Girtin, Cornelius Krieghoff, Rembrandt, Constable, Sam Palmer, and about two dozen others, was to become the impersonator of himself. In this, his self-portrait, carefully framed by Frank Norman and Hutchinson's libel lawyer, he beams out at a ravished audience like a central casting creation, all white whiskers, exclaiming eyebrows, and romancer's twinkle. He's naive, cynical, affectionate, sentimental, tart, folksy, hates rich people, and is a little weak on ethics: all in all, your perfect democratic bonhomme. Comparisons with Falstaff, Gully Jimson, and Vautrin, minus the nastiness, are in order.

Tom tells us he grew up in Forest Hill, was reared on potherbs and spuds. His father was a house-painter, his playmates the kids of factory workers, lamplighters, chimneysweeps. He always liked to draw. During the war he served as a Royal Navy stoker in austral waters. A glandular sort of boy, he had seafaring complaints: dermatitis, ringworm, hemorrhoids, gingivitis, foot rot, dhoby rash—the sensitive bloke could break out in anything, much as he would later break out in an eczema of copies and pastiches. One day he was torpedoed while doing a pen-and-ink drawing at action stations. He was demobilized shortly thereafter, by now prematurely white-haired, bemedalled, and "hurt inside."

Back in London, rarely employed, he went to night art school, became a painter, haunted the National Gallery. "It was always so nice and warm," he recalls, "and there was no charge for the excellent toilet facilities. I go there still when I am in trouble . . . worries fade when I am in the company of my brothers." But like any old clan worth its salt, this one, the painting brotherhood, had a blood feud on. "It seemed disgraceful to me how many of them had died in poverty. All their lives they had been exploited by unscrupulous dealers and then, as if to dishonor their memory, these same dealers continued to exploit them in death. I was determined to do what I could to avenge my brothers and it was to this end that I decided to turn my hand to Sexton Blaking." The last expression is Tom's rhyming slang term for picture faking; I take it the Blake in question is the one who said, "Painters! on you I call . . . Suffer not the fashionable fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works!" And, well, what better way to show up the fashionable Fools, the slimy lounge lizards of the picture trade, than to produce such contemptible works on purpose? So does rebelliousness blight a talent, and turn it to deceit.

Yet like any con-artist—for what's a picture faker if not a liar in pigment?—our Tom had to flirt with danger, and leave little self-incriminating clues: "I sometimes wrote a swearword, 'ever been had' or 'this is a fake' directly on the canvas before starting work. I'm told that these messages, which were written in white lead paint, will show up under a picture if it is X-rayed." The object was not money but to cock a snook. "I've given away a lot more than I've sold. I once gave a Krieghoff to a tramp and another time I gave a Palmer to a man from the Gas Board who came to read the meter. . . . It's not my fault . . . some posh bloke flashes past the shop in his Bentley and catches a glimpse of what he thinks is a long lost masterpiece . . ." Tom's never known nor cared how to market his stuff, and he's never made much money out of it. He's not so much a shyster as a *shlemazzl*, the clownish victim of his own obscure concept of justice, perhaps of a deeply implanted, an unconscious self-contempt. At times he seems less of an artistic person that a private collection of such persons, vampirized by those he mimics. There are depersonalization episodes: "I never notice what's going on around me when I'm working. If someone asked me for my right hand I'd say: 'Cut it off while I finish this bit.'" And sometimes the old masters seem to guide the other hand: "I was doodling in pastel on a sheet of Ingres paper, when suddenly I began to feel very tired. I lay down on my bed and it got dark. I got the strange feeling that I was floating. . . . When I woke up next morning there on my easel was a self-portrait of Degas [later "authenticated" in Paris!]. . . When the spirit of a long-dead artist comes into my hands the images flow out on to the canvas without the slighest effort on my part."

Yet the question remains: why, as he awaits trial, are so many people holding a brief for Tom?

Well, for one thing, he is a unity of moral opposites, and thus he thrills the Barabbas-admiring *exaltes*. This sinner counterfeits the genius of others, yet is Personality incarnate; is at once a bum and a top man in his line; and, in lying, reveals The Hidden Truth—the truth, that is, about art world gangsterism. The last point is important, and has figured prominently in the PR campaign for *The Fake's Progress*. Apparently many English people feel that because London art merchants aren't gentlemen—they're much too intent on getting on—they must be a bunch of crooks. But if there's anything to this notion either Tom can't show it or Hutchinson's libel lawyer wouldn't let him. He has, however, made some of the gallery and auction folk look pretty dumb, if not dishonest, which is some consolation to popular morality. Where verbal accusations would have fallen flat, Tom—who knows his mountebanks—succeeds by *doing*. By bamboozling "the experts" he caricatures them and starves their public image.

Yes, let no one doubt it: a *shlemazzl* may be a man of mastery and nerve. He may have an actor's self-control, a liar's refusal to be lied to and consequent respect for truth, and a sorcerer's knowledge of how to be unknowable. Tom is, above all, a genius at dialectical living: he *lives* the paradox of the modernist esthetic. "Make a principle," says this paradox, "of what you cannot do." Or, as Cocteau put it, "Concentrate on what they reproach you for." Can't do anything but copy other people? Make *that* your bag. And if all the great

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modern artists have been suspected of being fakers, then here, at last, is a great modern faker who is under suspicion of being an artist! Geraldine Norman swears by him: "There is no doubt in my mind whatsoever," she says in her informative if cautious essay, "Art Trading and Art Faking," "that he is an artist. There is no need to point out . . . that he has a beard. Emotionally he sways between corrosive depression and beaming jollity for no obvious or logical reason. He loves to drink and talk; he suffers from desperate insecurity about the extent of his talent . . ." etc. etc. Already Mrs. Norman has put out an ancillary volume called *The Tom Keating Catalogue*, with photos of his most brilliant fakes. Apparently they are already worth something on their own account. If so, I'll bet my bottom dollar our *shlemazzl* is already hard at work somewhere, with the spirit of Tom Keating in his hands, counterfeiting himself.

Dan Hofstadter

Dan Hofstadter is a freelance art critic living in Sweden.

Form Follows Fiasco: Why Modern Architecture Hasn't Worked by Peter Blake

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

Peter Blake's title qualifies for Neil Postman's book *Crazy Talk, Stupid Talk*. The abstract forms of Modern architecture are, of course, not the result of its fiasco; they are the cause. Architect Blake does with words what most of his colleagues do with steel, glass and concrete—anything that will outrage, even if it's stupid, crazy, or self-defeating.

Blake has some important things to say about the Modern Movement's failure to meet Sir Henry Wooton's three conditions of "well building"—"commodity, firmness, and delight." Most of them have been said all along by Lewis Mumford and, more recently, by such diverse critics as Jane Jacobs, Robert Venturi, and Constantinos Doxiadis. What gives Blake's attack on the Bauhaus and Le Corbusier schools of architecture a titillating twist is that he is a renegade. He was brought up in what he now calls "a religion as irrational as all others, from snake handling to psychoanalysis." He is (or was) one of the few Modern architects who can write readable English. He wrote books and articles propagating the gospel according to Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, and Frank Lloyd Wright.

He also edited two late and lamented architectural magazines—Time-Life's *Architectural Forum* and his own, superchic *Architecture Plus*. Both applauded every new caprice of the established avant-agrde. They were the *Women's Wear Daily* and *Vogue*, respectively of architectural fashion.

Now Peter Blake has recanted.

Confessions like his might hasten the dawn of livable architecture. They might inspire other architects—"idealists and ombudspeople for the environment," Blake calls them—to reconsider their dogmas and slogans.

Blake, alas, defeats the good cause with polemic zeal, the tedious fanaticism of the convert. He dips his morsels of wisdom in such thick, trite, and silly sarcasm that they acquire a bad taste and become all but indigestible.

To debunk Mies's famous theory of "universal space," (large halls that might serve a variety of uses), Blake explains that the space could be "built to function as place of worship on Sundays, and then convert—by pushing buttons—into a house of ill repute during the week."

"Every day," he asserts, "avant-garde architects plan houses and apartments in which parents will madden each other and children grow up psychotic."

Blake seems unable to tell us simply that New York developers overestimated the demand for office space. Instead, he writes: "In their infinite wisdom and perspicacity, the captains of New York real estate . . ."

The reader must continuously shake off this dripping manifesto sauce to get any nourishing substance out of this book. "In the so-called free world," it seems, as well as what he keeps calling the "real world" (wherever that might be), "prefabricated walls are only slightly more expensive than platinum."

Denouncing his former brethren, the convert charges that "somehow, without apparently being aware of what they were doing, the masters and their followers in the Modern Movement have become advocates and promoters of ugliness, of venality, of greed, of social disintegration, of land exploitation . . . arguing, earnestly, that being ground into dust by a bulldozer is, in fact, good for you."

However, that is not all Blake has to say.

He has his own thoughts and experiences with the new building materials Modern architects feel compelled to use to prove the virtues of technology. The demand for vast expanses of impeccably sleek walls with a machine-made look, Blake writes, has so far proved utterly impossible to fulfill—at least at affordable cost. Concrete stains, steel rusts, glass breaks, and the new panels of plastic, metal, or composition board, snap, crackle, and pop in heat, cold, rain, or snow. Engineers, have a hell of a job holding the stuff together. More ingenuity seems to have gone into fancy expansion joints than building design.

In other architectural styles, the necessary joints were hidden behind ornaments. The Moderns by declaring ornament "a crime," condemn us to flaking, soot streaks, oxidation and occasional showers of broken glass raining on the street.

Blake tells us that when architect I. M. Pei designed the new annex to the National Gallery in Washington, he wanted a dead-flat wall of marble veneer several hundred feet long. He found that the expansion and contraction of the marble under heat and cold would squeeze out the flexible mastic needed to fill the joints between the marble slabs. The mastic would then begin to drip and indelibly stain the marble. Only the invention of a complex neophrene gasket, with which to fill the joints, could give Pei the Brancusi-like smoothness he wanted. But for a gasket, the kingdom of abstract modernity might have been lost.

In the original National Gallery building, completed in 1941 by John

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Russell Pope, the same sort of marble was used. But Pope concealed the necessary wide expansion joints behind neo-classic pilasters and other ornament—at less risk and cost. Crime does pay.

Many new building materials are health hazards, according to Blake. Asbestos coating used for sound proofing can cause lung cancer. The acrylic "skin" of Buckminister Fuller's bubble dome in Montreal went up in flames because its fire-retardant coating did not retard. Self-oxidizing steel looks nice and rusty but also permanently stains most other surfaces in the vicinity. Many foam plastics generate poisonous fumes if they catch fire.

What is more, manufacturers get away with false or exaggerated claims. They also, writes Blake, will gang up on professional magazines which report product failures and wipe them out by withdrawing their advertising. Blake claims that's what happened to his own magazine when he cast stones at a big glass manufacturer. There seems to be a job here for Ralph Nader.

Blake said much of all this before in an *Atlantic Monthly* article with what seemed to me more bravado than bravery. The book is bolder, hitting harder, more widely and more wildly. Blake has expanded a polemic into a handsomely printed, well illustrated coffee table diatribe.

The remedies he proposes are laudable but naive. I, too, would like to see a moratorium on highrise buildings, on the wholesale destruction of nice old houses and on freeway construction. I, too, favor reform of zoning, architecture schools, and planning (make little plans, now that small is beautiful). I'll even take Blake's moratorium "on architecture itself," if he'll put a moratorium on the use of the phrase "in the real world."

But a moratorium on architecture—or demolition, or freeways, or bad planning—would have as little effect on our cities and metropolitan regions as good architecture—or preservation, or bicycle paths, or good planning—have. The basic issues with which we must come to terms are land use, real estate taxation, and our standard of life as opposed to our standard of living.

Like most architects, Blake expects far too much from architecture alone.

Wolf Von Eckardt

Wolf Von Eckardt is most recently co-author of *Bertolt Brecht's Berlin* (Anchor Press).

Brief Reviews

Away from Home by Lillian Carter and Gloria Carter Spann

(Simon and Schuster; $6.95)

Attempts to turn the family of President Carter into something interesting continue at full speed. Billy now has his own brand of beer; Ruth continues to heal; Chip and Caron are working things out down in Plains; lawyer son Jack now "questions the value of higher education," according to *People* magazine.

This is a collection of letters the President's mother sent home during her sojourn as a Peace Corps nurse in India in the late 1960s. This has become the most celebrated White House-related overseas venture since the saga of PT-109, and is nearly as rewarding to read about. Mrs. Carter, I am sorry to say, wrote short, shallow, very ordinary letters home, repeatedly punctuated by exclamation points, one-sentence vignettes of India and endless lamentations of homesickness. Of course, there is nothing inherently wrong in that; the question is whether the letters are worth being read by anyone other than to whom they were addressed. They do nothing to augment the picture we have of the President's mother admirably conveyed by television interviews. Occasional gems do climb out now and then, though, and male readers will particularly sympathize with "I helped with thirty-three vasectomies this afternoon, and have seen enough operations to last me a lifetime."

Aristotle Onassis by Nicholas Fraser, Philip Jacobson, Mark Ottaway and Lewis Chester

(Lippincott; $12.50)

For a decade the London *Sunday Times* "Insight Team" has been producing at regular intervals quick, committee-written books on the presumably mysterious rites of the United States. Like their naturalist forebearers of the 19th century, they arrive on these shores armed with butterfly nets and notebooks and, tearing away the legends and prejudices of local folklore, have provided what the home audience expects is the necessary "insight"—although in many cases it is insight through a decidedly thick lens.

Now they have tackled Aristotle Onassis, the multimillionaire Greek shipper, and their horizons, geographical as well as historical, have broadened a bit. What is there about this lonely, wretched man that fascinates? Like a number of other people whose charm is legendary (Elizabeth I, Lady Randolph Churchill) the anecdotes and testimony don't quite add up to anything convincing. Onassis was a spoiled rich boy who suddenly became poor and then, by dint of industry and some happy accidents, became rich again, and remained rich ever after. A lifetime of aimless wandering on his monstrous yacht, nightclubbing, wenching, wheeling and dealing suggests money didn't buy him contentment, but the authors wisely avoid armchair psychoanalysis. His interest lay in the people to whom he attached himself—and that seems to have been the process, for whatever magnet he possessed was probably his wallet. Winston Churchill, full of age and honors, was content to sit in gaga splendor on the deck of the *Christina*; the late Maria Callas gave up her husband and voice (though not necessarily in that order) to ply the oceans with Ari. And, of course, the American connection—our own widowed princess in the tower, Jackie, who will never recover from the marriage that dumbfounded the world.

It is sad that Onassis, the royal toad, sought to transform himself by embracing Mrs. Kennedy; in fact, by kissing her he turned *her* into a toad as well, and could look forward only to an agonizing death in Paris while she dallied in New York.

Turning East by Harvey Cox

(Simon and Schuster; $8.95)

In our anti-heroic age it is perhaps appropriate that Harvey Cox should be a prominent Christian theologian. His militant uninterest in the tenets of Christian faith, his ignorance of and

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hostility to the principles one would naturally associate with a churchman and Christian divine lead to the inevitable question: why bother to stay in the club? Accosted at his home by some saffron-robed incense salesmen a few years ago, he was naturally delighted at the prospect of another avenue of escape from his own denomination, and so embarked on a spiritual journey into the Krishna Consciousness movement. Of course, his investigation was thorough and suffused with empathy; after all any doctrine that turns its back on the values of the West and is populated by youth speaks importantly to us all. His ashram-side manner is impeccable, and the "Promise and Peril of the New Orientalism"—as the book is sub-titled—is examined in all its refinements. Cox believes that our perception of Eastern mysticism is tragically clouded by Western presumptions and prejudice. I submit for the good of the Hare Krishnites that the incomprehension works both ways.

Philip Terzian

The Back of the Book

You Ought to be in Pictures

Thanks to the story in the *Washington Post* on September 15 and to the bartender who saw it, Oscar E. Kendall, a con man and rapist, was arrested the next day by the DC police. Kendall's m.o. was to claim that he was Richard Avedon, the fashion photographer. He would tell women, whom he usually met in bars, that first he wanted to photograph them; then set them up in an apartment, give them modelling careers, and make them stars. In the past three years at least 32 victims believed him, and coughed up thousands of dollars, often life's savings. Some were raped in the bargain.

Kendall was almost captured in 1974 when one of his victims crept away from the hotel room in which Kendall had raped her, to call a hotel cop. The cop chased a man down the hall who looked like Kendall, but turned out to be Howard Cosell. That's the only amusing part of this story. Otherwise this is a sad tale—not only because the victims were swindled and attacked, but because they were easy marks.

What stymied Tom Kelly, the detective assigned to the case, was "what is it about this guy the women fall for?" Not looks, if Kendall's picture does him justice; and the words "strong body odor" have probably never been used so often in a newspaper outside the ads. What it was about Kendall that the women fell for was themselves: the fact that in their heart of hearts each believed herself to be someone else, someone glamorous.

Abashed now, the victims say that Kendall was "the fastest, smoothest talker they ever met," but the truth is they were way ahead of him.

Kendall also claimed to be someone else, so in a way we had imposter bilking imposter. The difference is that the women's act was innocent and Kendall's malevolent, but motives aside, the con man and his victims were meant for each other. Kendall must have realized this, because in a way his con was an act of social criticism. He either knew from the start or soon figured out that he is living in a time when lots of people think they're someone else, so when they come face to face with a bona fide fake, they fall, as Thurber used to say, like a tray of dishes.

If Kendall was no genius (and the fact that he was nabbed because he was one of the few people in Washington who hadn't seen himself in the *Post* suggests that's so), his decision to impersonate a photographer had genius in it. In terms of the con, no one who wasn't born yesterday would have swallowed his line if he had claimed to be a movie director. A photographer, on the other hand, has lately become the middle man between Schwab's Drug Store and Grauman's Chinese Theater (Cybill Shepherd, Lauren Hutton, Margaux Hemingway, you). A girl who hears "you ought to be in pictures" these days thinks of stills.

But the real genius in Kendall's m.o. was to appeal to people on precisely that level which they believe is always concealed from others—the real you, the

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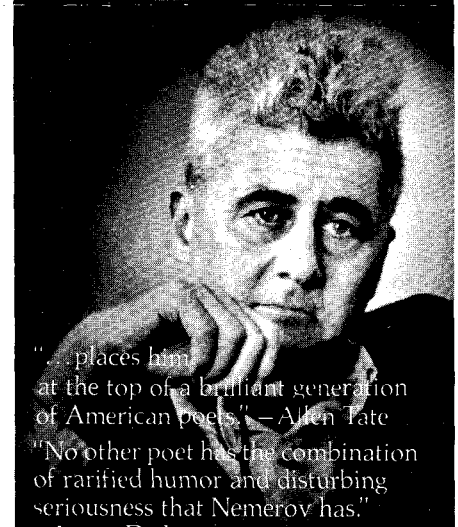

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butterfly. Some people do most of their living on this level, content to appear as a mouse on the outside for the Scarlet Pimpernel within. Even if the Scarlet Pimpernel has not appeared yet, the presumption of his existence exonerated the mouse that shows. Enough to know that a hero is waiting, and that some day someone will come along who can peer through those subtle disguises like a camera and catch that undeniable glint. Who better than a world famous photographer? (*The* Richard Avedon?)

Of course, the pathetic part of all this is that the women he conned were quite good enough as is, without needing to become someone else to prove it. But it's a lonely world sometimes, and lots of us are willing to lie to ourselves or be lied to in order to get out of it. This is what Kendall counted on.

Roger Rosenblatt

TRB, *from inside cover*

overdrafts, and his wife and his family, because he's out promoting the town and the bank, and he's a good risk, and it doesn't cost anybody a cent."

Gramper Lang's eyes narrowed. "'Don't cost anybody a cent,'" he repeated angrily. "If he did this he was costing the other stockholders interest, warn't he? The neighbors, the Rundletts, the Randalls, the Pipers, the Harveys—they hire money, too, don't they?"

"But, sir," I persisted, "Bert Lance says he was just acting to promote the 'image' of the bank—make people understand it was a warm-hearted, generous institution. And at the White House the President said, 'Bert, I'm proud of you.'"

("That Teddy!" growled Gramper Lang. "Him and his Panama!")

"—Don't you think he was justified in using the bank's airplane for personal and political trips?"

"Airplane?" repeated Gramper Lang.

"Oh, well—it's a flying machine. Here, look at it this way. Suppose the Newmarket bank wanted to show how prosperous it was, and how fine you are. So it says, go over to Concord and get the most elegant carriage you can get, and the most elegant team of horses, a matched pair, and it lets you use them free, and Grammie and the family, and it pays upkeep, too—hay, grain (whatever you feed horses) and it's thankful to do it. I ask you, sir, wouldn't that be all right, and hurt nobody?"

I guess I never did know Gramper Lang very well, after all. His beard bristled. There was a kind of proud, disdainful look in his eye. He was only a Yankee farmer and small town bank president but he had a kind of dignity as he said, "Would it be honest?" I thought he would add something but he just said, "I got to feed the critters," and left.

I've wondered since if I put Bert Lance's case fairly, although it's academic now that he's gone. But this question about banks seems to recur every so often in Washington. Always they're swapping favors. There was that Pecora investigation in FDR's day. It was a bad time for most people but some did all right—like J. P. Morgan, the younger, who was put on the witness stand. Pecora was a tough, swarthy Sicilian immigrant, with a stiletto mind, and Morgan was imposing, with bushy white moustache, titan head, massive nose, and a gold watch chain gleaming on his paunch.

"Did you pay income tax in 1930?" Pecora asked. There was silence. The marble Senate caucus room waited. "I cannot remember," said Morgan. He hadn't paid; nor in 1931; nor in 1932. It was all perfectly legal, you understand, or nearly legal. But hard for the breadlines to understand.

He had a "preferred list," too. The house of Morgan permitted its friends to buy stocks that it was interested in, like Allegheny and Standard Brands, below the market price. Allegheny was quoted at $31-35, but friends of the House of Morgan ("Good, sound, straight fellows") were invited to buy at $20 a share. One made $300,000, implying the size of his future obligation. On the list were John W. Davis, Calvin Coolidge, Bernard Baruch, Raskob, Lindbergh, all so very respectable. One was little William Woodin, whom FDR picked for Secretary of the Treasury. Governor Alf Landon called it "bribery," and said he was sure FDR would fire him. FDR didn't. The storm passed.

(There was that comic episode, too, when the midget climbed into Morgan's lap at a recess of the hearing. It was a circus publicity stunt. Morgan didn't think she was a midget, though. "I thought she was a little girl," he told me when I went over from the press table.)

. . . Yes, there always seems to be a cozy world of insiders among bankers, doing favors for fatcats whether it's then or now, whether it's Wall Street or Calhoun, whether its "preferred lists" or "overdrafts." The ignorant outsiders are always just suckers. But not at the Newmarket National. Not Gramper Lang.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

however, deserves a gloss. It was the University of Oklahoma at Norman, after all, that became the first state institution of higher learning to admit a black into graduate school; and in Oklahoma City, two years before Little Rock, a 14-year-old black girl was breaching segregation both in the public schools and at public soda fountains. And the able novelist Ralph Ellison has offered personal, non-prejudiced and on the whole charitable testimony as to what it was like to grow up black in the state's capital.

Even when certain passages of Mr. Morris' descriptive prose invoke the image of a writer suffering a hangover from *The Grapes of Wrath* (a fine novel in which the few Oklahoma scenes were grossly inaccurate), his piece suggests a man not so much sun-struck as grief-addled. This honorable and touching human condition is movingly conveyed. As a personal apprehension of an extreme situation "Dying in Oklahoma" is admirable, but it offers no sound basis for objective comment, whether political or climatic.

Hansford Martin
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We know what we like

To the editors:

I doubt very much if many people become devoted to "modern music" because critics tell them to—or vice versa—as E. Berlin suggests (Correspondence, *TNR*, Sept. 10). He does us an injustice. The critics we find intelligent and perceptive are those who agree with our own views!

Robert S. Taylor
Bethesda, Maryland

Coming:

Malcolm Muggeridge
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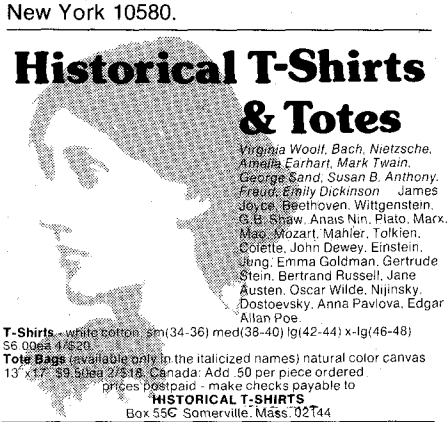
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When predictions go wrong I am pleased. The more solemn the prediction, the greater the pleasure. Several years ago the political columnists agreed almost unanimously that Richard Nixon would not quit, no matter how hot the Watergate investigation got. They had seen Nixon fall and rise so many times before that they no longer believed he was squelchable. They predicted that we would just have to live with Nixon, no matter what. They were blessedly wrong. Now in the last few weeks many of the same people predicted, world-wearily, that Carter's friend Bert Lance was on the brink of resigning. The appearance of wrongdoing would drive him out, no doubt about it. Some went so far as to fill in the details. Lance would go before Senators Ribicoff and Percy on September 16, take his "day in court" to defend his name and then graciously walk the plank to obscurity. There were even a few sentimental articles saying what a nice guy he'd been before he was forced to resign. Other writers began to choose his successor. Then Bert went before the Senate and didn't quit for a while. Even though Lance should have done us the favor of leaving town a month and a half ago, I couldn't help but enjoy his refusal to play the part in a script written by hacks. His stubbornness badly rattled the other actors. Some have forgotten their lines. Senator Ribicoff—who first said the press had "smeared" Lance, then later apologized to the press and asked Lance to quit—finally seems quite lost. "It's not altogether clear what we can do," Ribicoff told the *Washington Post* last week. Other people must derive the same perverse pleasure I do from seeing the senators shaken from their complacence and the predicters confounded. Lance counted on it to get him off the hook. But it would have been a scandalous triumph of sentiment over reason if he had succeeded.

While chief Lance was defending his spendthrift habits in the Senate, his office grappled with the opposite problem. The OMB has uncovered a new kind of fiscal crisis: federal dollars are not being spent fast enough. Originally the White House planned to spend $417 billion this year, creating a $60 billion overdraft in the federal account. Then the spending plan was cut back to $414 billion. Now suddenly $15 billion more has been slashed off, quite fortuitously, and the budget planners are frantic. The record is appalling: HEW underspent by $600 million, Defense by at least $1.5 billion, Labor by $900 million, the EPA by $800 million and the unemployment trust fund by $600 million. What's to be done? The order has gone out from budget central: get rid of the money, quickly. But it must be spent legally, and the deadline is October 1. Bureaucrats are working early and late and on weekends too, just to process the paper and unburden the Treasury. I know of at least one small nonprofit consulting firm that hopes to get some of this mad money. One gloomy officer at the OMB told *Business Week* that the situation is so bad that it may take until late next year for the bureaucracy to catch up with its duty.

Economists become upset when they learn that we aren't spending money as they've planned for us. I empathize with them. Government economists must take it harder than others, because our rejection of their schemes is like a personal affront. They plan beautiful quarterly futures for us with red and green lines chasing one another on pretty charts that reach to the sky. And then we make black scribbles over everything. The economists can't make us follow the sensible paths they've laid out, but they'd like to. Sometimes in frustration they swat us with a tax. They are chagrined when their fellow civil servants go astray, as federal officials seem to have done this year. That is why the $15 billion shortfall in government spending is so alarming. It wasn't planned for. I've liked most economists I've met, but they do get tiresome. This month, for example, I've seen authoritative economic reports predicting 1) that the entire world is about to go into recession, 2) that a boom is just around the corner, 3) that a mild slowdown has already set in and 4) that things will be about the same next year as they were this year. In this context, I wish to quote the "crucial questions" *The Wall Street Journal*'s economic expert, Alfred Malabre, said US policy makers should "ponder" in the coming weeks: "Is today's economy in need of more stimulation to keep the recovery rolling along? Or less stimulation to prevent a further acceleration of costs? Or some delicate combination of both policies?"

Small may be beautiful, but it is not necessarily cheap. The White House limousines, big tanks that get 14 miles a gallon, are being traded in for economy models more in keeping with the administration's pinch-penny ethic. The step down is one in image only, for Chrysler Corporation announced last week that it will charge the government 50 percent more for the use of the lighter cars. Clearly this is one company that understands economics.

"'No-Growth Fanatics' Assailed by Mining Delegates" was the headline of a story in the *New York Times* last week. Those in attendance at a recent conference of mining company executives were complaining to one another that the administration is filled with rabid environmentalists. The view was exaggerated, I thought, until I had lunch with one of these environmentalists the other day. He wanted to talk about the coming war between the fast-growthers and the slow-growthers in government, a war which will dominate the news for the rest of the century. He himself had been the victim of an industry-fast-growth plot to sabotage an energy-saving plan. He said unequivocally that the US must brace for the arrival within five to 10 years of fascism, anarchy or "a change in life styles." Industry will not permit the government to change America's life style, and so this points us toward fascism and anarchy. Perhaps he is right, but this is one of those solemn predictions whose debunking I plan to celebrate one day. When he was done talking he said, "As far as this conversation goes, it never happened." Since I am pledged to secrecy, I cannot divulge which High Office he works for, nor how, through that office, his ideas occasionally reach a Very High Personage. And as far as this column goes, you never read it.

E.M.

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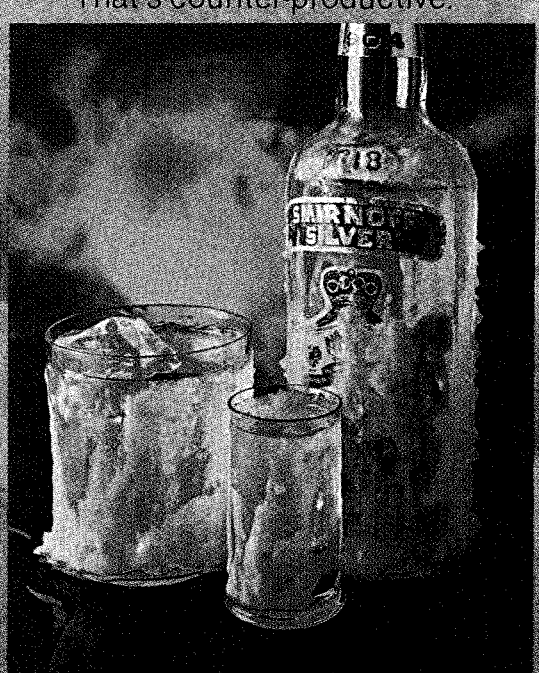

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